McKean County Miner.

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L. ROGERS, Proprietor.

McKean County Miner

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mail via. B., N. Y. & P. (Clermont Branch) arrives at 12:19 p. m. and 6:27 p. m., and leaves at 8:[illegible] a. m., and 2:30 p. m.

Mail via. B. B. & K. R. R. arrives at 10 a. m. and 4:21 p. m., and leaves at 6:50 a. m. and 2:46 p. m.

Clermont & Colegrove Mail leaves at 12:15 p. m. and arrives at 2:30 p. m.

Kinzua Mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 p. m., and departs at 1:30 p. m. of same days.

Mails close 30 minutes before leaving time. Money Orders will not be issued or Letters Registered between 12 m. and 2:30 p. m.

Office open every Sunday for delivery of mail from 12 m. to 1 p. m.

CLARK WILSON, P. M.

Lodge Directory

F. & A. M.

McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

F. R. FOSTER, W. M.
C. M. SMITH, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No. 142, meets every second, fourth and [illegible] Tuesday evening of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.

WAKELY GIFFORD, M. W.
SHERIDAN GORTON, Recorder.

E. A. U.

Meets on first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.

L. ROGERS, President.
W. H. KNIGHT, Secretary.

G. A. R.

Post 367, G. A. R. meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.

M. M. CROVEY, Com.
L. ROGERS, Adjutant.

W. R. C.

Meets every Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.

MRS. HELEN MORRISON, Pres't.
MISS LIDA WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock in Backus Hall.

A. E. CORY, N. G.
A. T. SCHAMAHAN, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.

Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in Backus Block.

C. F. McCARTY, Com.
W. R. GREEN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.

Meets every alternate Friday afternoon, at 3:30, in Temperance Headquarters.

MRS. S. A. SCULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. K. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

Y. W. C. T. U.

Meets every Friday evening, at 7:30, in Temperance Headquarters.

MRS. W. P. BURDICK, Pres't.
MISS LYDIA ROBLINGAME, Sec'y.

Knights of St. Martin and the Iron Cross.

Meetings in Backus Hall on first and third Wednesdays in the month at 7 p. m.

DWIGHT WALKER, S. K. C.
FRED. GALLUP, Scribe.
REV. J. H. McCANDLESS, Warden.

Smethport Encampment, No. 273, I. O. O. F.

Meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in Backus Hall.

J. A. MORRISON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CROVEY, Scribe.

Churches.

Methodist—T. W. CHANDLER, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath School immediately after morning services. Class Meeting at 9:30 a. m. Sunday. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. S. S. Teacher's meetings Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. Choir Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Baptist.—REV. W. H. WELLAHAN, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7. Covenant meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in every month. Lord's Supper every two months. All are welcome.

Episcopal.—J. HUBBS McCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on third Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HUBBS McCANDLESS, Rector. Regular services every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—J. J. GALLIGHAN, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Colegrove church—J. G. Hann, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30; Sabbath school at 11:30 a. m.; preaching every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, and class meeting at close of evening service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Clermont church—J. G. Hann, pastor. Preaching at 2:30 p. m.; class meeting after service; Sunday school at 1:30 p. m.

Borough Officers.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—W. F. Specht, S. J. Gifford, M. L. Armstrong, L. Rogers, Cass. McKean and N. B. Kamer.
Justices—O. M. Smith, F. Ford.
Constable—M. L. Burlingame.
School Directors—E. L. Keenan, H. L. McCoy, D. C. Young, J. W. Heaton, C. S. King and S. J. Gifford.
Collector—Dennis Quinlan.
Assessor—Washington Stark.
Auditors—John Forrest, F. R. Foster and D. M. Kerns.
Judge of Election—F. Mason.
Inspectors—Frank Andrews and T. V. Powell.

Official Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport, Potter Co.
Additional Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—H. C. McCormick, Williamsport.
State Senator—Horace B. Packer, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—W. R. Burdick, Duke Centre; J. T. Griffith, Kane.
District Attorney—Geo. A. Sturgeon, Bradford.
Sheriff—Wm. B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—J. M. McKinney, Smethport.
County Treasurer—J. K. Shoemaker, Smethport.
Commissioners—James A. McKean, Keating township; Capt. P. M. Fisher, Bradford; Jas. A. Anghus, Bradford.
Com'rs Clerk—M. R. Greer, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners—Everett Martin, M. S. Shaddon.
Auditors—Frank R. Foster, Smethport; John O. Seabrook, Clermont; A. S. Wicks, Hazelhurst.
Mercantile Appraiser—Frank D. Shear, Turtle Point.
Coroner—S. D. Hobart, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—W. P. Eckels, Smethport.
Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February and May, First Monday in October, and Second Monday in December.

STATE.

Governor—James A. Beaver.
Lieutenant-Governor—Wm. T. Davies.
Auditor General—A. Wilson Norris.
State Treasurer—Wm. Livsey.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Thos. J. Stewart.

HOTELS.

COLEMAN HOUSE,
ELDRED, PA.,
Opposite the B., N. Y. & P. Railroad Depot.
On the European Plan.
Newly refitted and refurnished. First-class Restaurant in connection with the House. Terms reasonable.
Dec. 17, 1886.

Chautauqua House
Main street, Smethport, Pa., H. B. Vincent, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. The bar is also supplied with the choicest of liquors. A liberal share of the public patronage respectfully solicited.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 5, 1886.

WRIGHT HOUSE
Main Street, Smethport, Penn'a, E. F. Wright, Proprietor.
This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. A well stocked and well kept bar connected with the house. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Grand Central Hotel,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa. F. H. Taylor, Proprietor.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

JOHN N. APPLE, Notary Public. J. W. BOUTON.
Apple & Bouton.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on first floor of Henry Hamlin's bank building, Main St., Smethport, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Examination and abstracts of land titles, Orphans' Court practice, and collections specialties.

W. B. STONE. W. W. BROWN. C. A. STURGEON.
Stone, Brown & Sturgeon.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Offices: [illegible] Bldg, Bradford, Pa.

Geo. A. Berry.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Rooms 5 and 6, Berry & Melvin Block, Bradford, Pa.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest,
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the heirs of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Richard H. Rose.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Office over H. Hamlin's Banking Office, Smethport, Pa.

Sheridan Gorton.
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Backus Block, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Chautauqua House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

P. Ford.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office: Miner Block, Church Street, Smethport, Pa.

J. K. Wallace.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bradford, Pa. Claims promptly collected.

D. McSWEENEY. M. M. BYLES.
McSweeney & Byles.
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Room: Producer's Exchange, Bradford, Pa.

Mullin & McClure.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Corner Main and Pine Sts. Bradford, Pa.

James C. Boyce.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND COUNSELOR IN PATENT CAUSES. Office: Room 3, Cor. Main & Webster Sts., Bradford, McKean Co., Pa.

E. M. Mayo.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Gleason Block, Smethport, Pa.

F. B. Cotter.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eldred, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

Physicians.

S. I. Wells, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office at the Drug Store of H. C. Wells, Smethport, Pa.

H. L. McCoy.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in H. L. McCoy's drug store, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

S. D. Freeman.
SURGEON, Obstetrician and Consulting physician and surgeon. Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m., Smethport, Pa.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Prompt attention given to calls day or night. Office: One door east of W. T. Cather's drug store.

C. M. COLEGROVE,
County and Practical Surveyor!
Smethport, Penn'a.
July 22, '87.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK.
KANE, - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
☞ First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

HOTEL CHADWICK,
E. V. CHADWICK, - Proprietor,
Larrabee, Pa.
At the junction of the main line of the B., N. Y. & P. R. R. with the Clermont Branch.
This house is entirely new, from cellar to garret, and the furniture and beds are all new and of the most improved pattern. The table and bar are supplied with the best the market affords. Terms reasonable.

MASONIC HALL
FURNITURE STORE!
Specht & Sasse
We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with
FURNITURE!
of all kinds and of
PRICE AND QUALITY
to suit the purchaser.
Undertaking in all its branches.
Full and Complete Line of
WALL PAPER!
Constantly on hand.
Friends and patrons are invited to
CALL AND SEE US
in our location, and
Look at our Stock
SPECHT & SASSE,
Main St., Smethport, Pa.

GO TO
ROONEY'S MARKET
Wholesale and Retail
—FOR A—
Nice Piece of Meat
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
—FOR—
FRESH & SALT FISH
—AND FOR ALL—
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.
I will also pay the highest price for
STOCK AND HIDES
☞ CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF. ☜
Nearly opposite Catholic church, Main st.
J. F. ROONEY.

Chas. A. Olmstead,
House, Sign and Carriage Painter,
PHOTO COPYING IN CRAYON.
A Life Size Portrait in Elegant Gilt Frame for only TEN DOLLARS.
☞ Agent for the best roofing paint known. ☜
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 25, 1886.

THE BLACK BESS.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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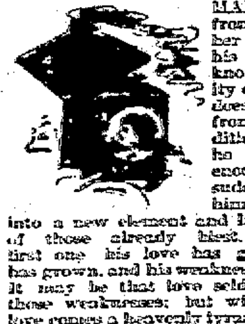


A MAN who loves from his boyhood her who becomes his fate, hardly knows the nobility of his love, as does he who, from a lonely condition of which he thought well enough before, suddenly finds himself plunged into a new element and living the life of those already blest. With the first one his love has grown as he has grown, and his weaknesses with him. It may be that love seldom conquers those weaknesses; but with the other love comes a heavenly tyrant and usurps the place of everything less noble; his heart is clean swept and garnished—a shrine for the object of his worship; he has undergone a purification, a sanctification that is scarcely less than that of a sacrament. It was so with me, I know, at least, when I first thought of wooing Margaret for my wife, and possession of her promise never made it otherwise.

To say that she was beautiful would fail to give even a penciling of her presence; and just as impossible would it be for me to set down any categorical description of her loveliness; of the large, fair, pale face; the eyes, so gray and dark that they grew on you as you gazed, like the shades of evening from which the stars look out; of the features, which would have been sculptured had they been less instinct with pulsing and dilating life; of the tresses of finest, darkest hair, sweeping down the temples in countless curves; of the unspeakable sweetness of the smile—that smile which seemed to fill your heart and soul with sunshine and warmth. Never was there such another woman made as Margaret. Her mind, too, was no less peerless than her person. It had a trait like light itself, and gave color and vitality to every object that it rested on. Of humble birth, and with no means of education beyond those afforded by the village school and the church library, she had nevertheless cultivated herself to a point beyond that attained by many women when living a luxury of life and breathing the atmosphere of art.

It has always made me wonder, my relation with her, what she could have seen in me so to bestow herself as she did. I, myself, though still so young was not entirely a boor; indeed, being a poor man, I was thought eccentric, perhaps because I was not a fool; but, though now sitting at my ease, a tolerably well read man of wealth, having climbed easily by others' help, speculated largely and daringly, studied where I could and as I went, yet then I was only the master of an engine on the Great Interior Railway, running a night train across the state, and earning my living by the sweat of my brow, in soot and grime and smoke, and all in the midst of a wild relish of danger.

It is a singular fact that the human mind can become habituated to any experience. Though I shall never forget the night when I first drove my engine out of Waterwey, not too familiar with the route, dreading the darkness and the responsibility, tremulous, indeed, with a thousand tremors, yet now, were it twice as many years since I laid hand on lever or signaled for a station, I could take her out to-night, over marsh and meadow and drawbridge, up the long mountain grade, across the terrible trestlework, round that curving precipice, one side sheer rock up into the stars, the other nothing but black darkness and an empty gulf of dizzy depth, through the thick, reverberating tunnels, down the long incline, and whistle for the brakes at Babylon, with as much nonchalance as when I took the reins from my groom this morning and gave my brown beauties their head for a breezy bit of business down the park.

She was a rusher, that engine of mine, the Black Bess—they had not begun calling them then for the successful candidates—and would do her mile a minute if you asked it; though I've known the time, of a rainy 5 o'clock morning, when, with all steam on, her wheels made their revolutions and she stood still; and, to get her along the slippery side of an up grade, both fireman and myself, jumping off, had to walk by her panting side and sprinkle the wet rails with sand to toll her on. But, although I've owned since then as choice specimens as ever stepped the turf, I never cared for any thoroughbred of them all as I did for the Black Bess, and I stabled her as carefully, and, in early days, handled her as daintily, as though she were the expected winner of a handicap.

Perhaps I loved my iron steed all the better for the dangers through which she had passed, since there are few whose affections are not drawn to their companion in peril; and the Black Bess and I had had it out one night, just as, clearing the Waterwey suburbs, we put on all speed for the long run across the marshes. The train was full, the steam was up, the very wind whistled behind us while we cleft it; light as a feather, the Black Bess went as if she trod the air.

Suddenly, with a sharp turn of the course from the shelter of a young thicket, we came out on a low cross country road—a kind of a causeway raised upon the meadows, and cutting diagonally across the railway track. So unfrequented was this road that I could not remember ever having noticed a vehicle on all its long and winding sweep; but at this moment an enormous load of hay, tilting heavily down on one side, rested directly across the track and blocked the way, not only for an instant's time, but was fixed there. I can see it here, if I close my eyes, with such a weird distinctness in every line as though it be as if a green light had stamped it on the plate of some supernatural camera—the four great steaming oxen, in the glow of the headlight, rising like a procession from the darkness, with wild eyes and interlocked horns, and tramping and tugging at the arrested wheels, the tilting mountain of meadow hay, the drunken teamster, half hidden in its pillowy masses, asleep, and with his jug beside him. In vain my touch upon the bell rope or the rod; in vain the short, sharp shrieks of Black Bess; while I reached my hand to reverse the engine we should scatter all to flinders. One second the face, the face of that sleeping man, branded in on my brain as if by a searing iron; the next, a wild thought of Margaret, a great blow, and dumb darkness. The man and his load were dust together, the Black Bess was off the track and above her wheels in meadow mud, and I lay stunned and senseless.

When a person recovers from a concussion of the brain, it would sometimes be better if he had died. I learned this to my cost one day; but I did not think so on first getting about after my long illness, through which I had ever been conscious of the tender face of Margaret hanging above me, and a part of the delirium of which had been a singular confusion of her face with that of the man asleep in the mountain of meadow hay. The world was in the full, deep flush of summer; life seemed so good, love was so sure; Margaret was constantly beside me, the Black Bess was ready for me, and Christmas day, when it should come wrapped in its soft snows, was to give me my wife forever.

I got up quickly, too quickly—too quickly by half; a long convalescence would have acted like a buffer to the shock I had received, and deadened its effect on all my system; but every month's salary was precious to me now; it was so much more added to that already laid up for the enriching of the humble little home whose prospect then was heaven; and before October had reddened her parasols, I drove the Black Bess again by night out of Waterwey.

Sometimes my head was far from right. I knew that by the dull ache that sate upon it like a leaden cap; by the sharp pains that sometimes stabbed my eyeballs as if needles were in the entering rays of light. Often, too, when people were speaking with me, their words sounded dully a long way off, and if I roused myself to some manner of enforced attention, I paid for it by a fresh assault of blinding pain. When in this condition, I went through many of my duties by mere mechanical routine, and I think my faithful fireman, George Rowe, did more at such times toward running the train on time than did its engineer—unless the Black Bess were herself gifted with that sort of wizardry and more than human power which I sometimes fancied belonged to her. All this annoyance of mine, however, was but intermittent; had it been otherwise, had it been constant, I should not live to remember it; and gradually I began to believe that it was wearing off, never dreaming that it was but assuming a new form.

My spirits had been greatly depressed during the period when I felt these results of my disaster the most acutely; they became as much too buoyant when I found that my natural strength and vigor were conquering the recurrence of the attacks. I had fully realized how wrong and how impossible my intended marriage with Margaret would be under such circumstances, and only when I found myself able to look the rising sun in the face, and to drive from twilight to twilight, from the gray of evening to the gray of dawn, without an extra throb in my temples, did I dare to dream fresh dreams of my long desired home and its delights. The only trace of trouble that appeared to be remaining with me, at least, was a slightly impaired eyesight, so that what once I could distinctly see in detail when at the distance of a mile, now became but a blur, and rendered me, on more or less seldom occasion, subject to some optical delusion. However, this did not interfere with my business; and, as I said, I went and came in such an atmosphere of expectation and assurance, that I might have seemed to any spiritual observer like one transfigured and walking in a nimbus.

Things were in this state with me when one night, as usual, I took the express out of Waterwey. It was a somewhat heavier train than my ordinary one, and in the safe of the special car that went through with us was a large amount of coin and valuables. Remembering some daring robberies, in which trains had been thrown from the track by means of obstacles placed there by the villains who subsequently rifled them, I resolved on an even more particular lookout than common; I told the Black Bess, as I mounted, that she must spring to it, for there was work to do, and she answered to my hand like a live creature. I heard them sounding the irons down our long length—then the word was given, and our quivering carrier, starting well in hand, soon warmed to her work, and bounded along as if she meant to be the victor of some demoniacal race.

I have often thought, since those days, that there can be nothing like that man's sense of mastery whose hand it is which gives the first motion to some long train crowded with bustling life and tumult. All those beings, their joys, their fears, their expectations, their very futures and existences, are his, hang on the falling of his eyelid, on the turning of his finger. There is not such a potentate as he the earth over. But when I drove an engine myself, I thought of no such thing; were my wheels oiled, my boiler fed, my valves right, were we well wooded, was I on time, should I earn my pittance a day—my fancies seldom took a higher flight. But this is aside.

It was at the close of a dark and stormy day, soon deepening into a black autumn evening, of which I was about to speak. No stars in heaven, no lights on earth. The air was that fresh, wet coolness so delightful to breathe even when you got it, as I did, between puffs and whiffs of smoke; pools of water, everywhere on our way, waked up to flash like moons in our light as we left them; little new made brooks were chasing each other beside us; woody places kept up a perpetual dripping and dropping; and the whole earth was soaked in running rivers of rain. The long perspective of the track, with its rails glittering in moisture, rose by all its length into heaven, and seemed to hang up shiningly before us like a ladder of light, the only fixed thing in all the changing, shimmering, calendered darkness.

As we appeared to wind our path up this splendid highway, suddenly what had been but a blot of blackness upon it a long way ahead, resolved itself to my vision into a less indistinct body, and I fancied some laborer, returning from his day's work, had fallen asleep beside the track, had, perhaps, in his slumber, rolled over upon it. Such stupid recklessness was not uncommon. I sounded the whistle to warn him, and then, as he did not stir, to put down the brakes. We had a full head of steam on, and were rushing forward with hardly abated progress, and, straining my gaze, I discovered that the thing I had taken for a man now, by the size of the dark spot it filled, must be a woman, with her drapery blown loosely abroad by the breeze. I snatched my field glass, and, steadying it for a moment, a face flashed in the disk—a single moment—and then, my horror stricken eyes blinded, my tongue cleaving to the very roof of my mouth, with a mighty shock I reversed the engine, and, the wheels revolving the other way, we slipped slowly up by our impetus and paused within a yard of the actual place.

I leaped off to search the spot. George Rowe, likewise, leaped after me. There was nothing whatever on the track save the shadow of a clump of bushes breaking the long glitter of its steel. I looked about me with a frantic swiftness—I could not feel convinced that no real object lay there. I heard the car windows rattling up, and turned about to see the passengers' heads thrusting out, and all the brakemen as well bending forward and peering into the darkness for the cause of our standstill and the shock that had thrown these from their seats and those from their feet. Directly afterward, at sound of the conductor's voice, I seized an old log lying beside the ends of the sleepers and lifted, pushed and shoved one extremity of it as if I had just thrown it out of our path. George Rowe stared at me, but said nothing. The conductor seized on the intimated occurrence with avidity, wondered and gaped about him for an explanation of such a disaster being prepared for us, bade me run slowly and returned with something to gossip over in every carriage of them all. But, as for me, far from heeding him the least, I increased the pressure to some such point as that I felt on the beating of my heart and the breathing of my lungs, and the Black Bess ran as if the fires of hell were blazing beneath her boilers. It was the face of Margaret that I had seen!

I lost no time on that next day in seeking Margaret. She was away from home, visiting at Brookford, a little town which was a watering station of all the trains along my own route. A shudder, foolish to the pitch of idiocy, seized me at the intelligence. If that were not verily Margaret's face how nearly it might have been!—for Brookford was but a mile behind the place where last night I had brought our train to a pause. I telegraphed to her, and she came down with a companion to meet me in the evening as I returned. I saw her sweet face shining under the lamps as we drew up, but so fearfully like my vision of the night before that I hardly dared to think it real. In answer to my hurried inquiry she said she had been out in the rain on the previous night, returning with a friend from a house where they had called, had stumbled and fallen across the railway, but had picked herself up and was safe and dry beneath the roof tree long and long before either down train or up train passed that way. She jested me on my clairvoyance, then laughed that she filled up my eye so completely.

She came down with a companion.

I saw her standing there while we backed down to switch off again on the main track, gazing and smiling after me, standing so securely with her light, rustling figure, airy and supple as some glad young white birch in the breeze; then we thundered by with our terrible tread, and I lost her! If there had been a score of faces on the track as we drove along I should have seen none of them that night for brooding over and caressing in my happy thought the pure and perfect face that I really saw beneath the flaring station lamps.

I had almost forgotten this incident of my nightfaring—I mean, of course, the vision on the rails—when, some weeks afterward precisely the same thing occurred.

It was a soft, starry night of the Indian summer this time. There was a ceaseless glimmer of harmless sheet lightnings through the sky, the horizon lifting every few moments with the innocent reflection of some deadly storm in the meridian beneath it. We were making about our ordinary running, when, like a quick illumination, directly in our path, the same obscurity, the same resolving—there lay the Face!

I knew as well now that it must be an illusion as that I was a breathing being. I did not essay any motion by which it should be suffered to impede our progress, but I stared at it with a fascinated gaze. The beautiful face!—its great gray eyes gleaming so softly up as the belching monster pounded down to dazzle them blind with its fierce and blazing headlight, to crush them from their sockets with its remorseless wheels. I could no more help my hands lifting then than my heart's beating.

In another instant the train was shivering with the shock of its reverse. I was off again, searching the place—on again, aware of my folly; and we spun straightway along the track as if let loose from a meteor. I heard George Rowe muttering at me in amazement, but I made him no reply. At Brookford the conductor harangued me stormily, and bade George Rowe have a charge over me. He thought that I was a drunken man, and well he might, for I felt my face so flushed, and my eyes so pained, that the latter may have glowed like flames in a bed of coals, while my brain burned and boiled, and bubbled, till it seemed like bursting. I was, indeed, well nigh beside myself.

I wrote to Margaret of this second occurrence, and asked her what it meant. Was I really becoming out of my head? Was I even out of my head already? She replied in much the same strain as before, jesting and cheerful; but it was like a transparent mask, and I could clearly detect an anxiety and alarm on her part beneath the whole of her playful petition not to turn her into a grave light and will-o'-the-wisp, nor to connect her personality with such diabolical things as the flames of the St. Elmo's fire that every sailor sees on his topmast, and which I had doubtless a thousand times beheld running before me on the rails.

I determined then that unless my mind were really affected I would take no more notice of any renewal of this apparition than I would of the copper cents and brass pins which adventurous schoolboys were in the habit of placing upon the track for the wheels to flatten out into nothingness. My resolutions, I need not say, were as worthless as the flattened pins, and quickly became paving stones of that region where asphalt was primevally found in use.

For the face haunted me—haunted me so that I wonder at myself now, and believe that only the grace and goodness of heaven kept me from the endless perdition of hating the original. It never came twice in immediate succession, but at intervals of a few weeks, when it would seem to have accumulated power to expand, and, under circumstances of ingenious devilishness, it made its appearance. In many instances I was fortunate enough to have some ready excuse on hand for our delay, but sometimes the prodigy vanished before I slackened speed, and then no excuse was needed; but when that was not the case, as most frequently it happened, and I was abandoned to my own devices, and the bewilderment and consternation of the train, it began to be believed among the employes that I had become a hard fellow. Shortly following upon that I was summoned by the superintendent and reprimanded for my intemperance—I who had never drunk a drop in my life—doggedly promised him better fashions, for had I explained things what director of them all, I asked myself, would have suffered a crazy man to take out the night express from Waterwey?

Meanwhile, owing solely to these affairs, my marriage had been indefinitely postponed; for, of course, while liable to these hallucinations and visitations, I was no fit subject for the assumption of new bonds and duties. Margaret remained as she had ever been—an angel of mercy; she soothed me, solaced me, and we took counsel together how best to overcome my difficulties; but finally, when all our expedients seemed futile, she imperatively bade me resign my situation, for she felt that we were murderers, a thousand times multiplied, in continuing to hold so many lives in risk with the possibilities to which I might be driven by my mad fantasies.

This command and entreaty of hers was after a time when I had seen the face more vividly than before, more beautiful, more human, more piteous.

We were coming along an inclined plane, with the brakes down; at the foot of it the track ran curving over the mighty trestle work of the Windriver valley. It was impossible to stop the train, for it descended already without steam; and ahead of us lay the long, slow curve of the trestle work, as—a sheer abutment of 200 feet, filled in with gliding sand—it rose above the low, broad fields that slept, all purple and peaceful, in the silver flood of moonlight at that fearful depth beneath us.

There was but a single alternative; I could throw the Black Bess and her train from the track as we touched the curve, and we should be dust before the valley could feel us or the river cover us; or, with the face before me, I must crash over and through that one dear thing of all my heart.

I knew, in an intimate and under consciousness, that I was deceived; but, do what I would, it came to me as if I were experiencing it myself, all the annihilating terror that must overwhelm the sufferer as that black monster and its red hot eye advanced with the thundering tread and shook her frame bodily and her soul with vast fear. I heard, in my fancy, her shrill shrieks, as she struggled vainly to rise, and escape, and flee, and knew that it was vainly. I felt—almost with positive and physical pain of my own—the breaking and grinding of the bone, and then—I should have done it—I had reached out my hand to do it—when, suddenly, the fair, pale face rose from the way like a dew cloud, the floating garments of the late prostrate form were gathered together, all had disappeared—and we slid gently upon the trestle-work, and wound our way over its spider line, till kindly woods beyond took us into safety and shelter.

I stood, then, powerless, and could not have lifted my hand to my face to wipe off the beads of cold sweat there. It seems, perhaps, in the rehearsal, a little thing to have endured; but I can tell you that it was the tortures of the damned. The men and women who had given their lives into my hand that night, never knew how, for one moment, that hand, loosening its grasp, hesitated, and held them over the precipice and gulf of death, while they gazed out and down, and admired the beauty of the world, and felt their life and enjoyed their breath.

It was then Margaret said I must leave the railroad; I had no right longer to play at fast and loose with the destinies of others; each time I stepped upon my platform was a sin. The wear and tear of travel, and night travel at that, she said, had broken up my nervous system, which, added to my previous shock already sustained, might produce irreparable misfortunes, if I did not leave everything, and come down and rest with her at her mother's.

This last was pleasant enough—rest in that happy house, the low-roofed old farmhouse, standing on its verdant knoll, that always shone like some broad carpet of greenest velvet embroidered with all the golden sunshine of summer, the house where everything was ordered to the music of peace and quietness—but then, by and by, there was a time for that.

Was it a devil driving me on to stay? or was it my natural manliness refusing to yield to a devil and begging for one more trial?—I declined to go; still said nothing, and took my train out of Waterwey. I was so thoroughly myself on every other topic, that I could not believe in a monomania upon this one. I invented an apology to myself for every time that I yielded to my pursuer—the reflection of the moon in some ditch of still water, the lantern of a crossing in the woods, the round, white signboard of a switch, the signal balls upon a drawbridge—I affirmed that in similarly deceptive lights and shadows they would have affected every man in the same way as that in which I was affected.

But, at last, the tormenter grew insupportable; it followed me from station to station, as some great, winged, stinging thing pursues a racer, its play on my emotions being all the more forcible that I could never entertain any sentiment of anger toward it—for there it always lay, lovely, appealing and piteous, only the face of Margaret. It grew plain to me, and, reluctantly, I was forced to acknowledge either that my vision was distorted and ruined, or that some necessary spring in my mechanism had become loosened.

I determined then, at last, that I would consult a physician, to see if there were any balms in Gilead for my healing. I shudder now at remembrance of my selfish criminality—for I reasoned that I could do this the more readily, as I knew that, by the laws of his profession, he would be obliged to keep my application secret, and could make no report to my employers. I needed not have feared, as it ended. Old Dr. Blanchard had no time for mischief, and had, moreover, such a professional curiosity and searching into things, that, if my symptoms had been at all anomalous, he would have suffered me to launch a loaded train of my fellow creatures into eternity, in order that he might study their development.

However, he assured me that it was a very simple and frequent form of disease with which I was afflicted; one taking its variation according to the idiosyncracies of the patient; and, being entirely upon the nerves, there was no medicine to reach it but my own will. This was cheerful after my experience. If my spiritual identity, he said, was weaker than that of my body, it must succumb into hopeless insanity; but, could I rouse its flagging courage and whip it into action, all was safe and sure. The one, the only thing, for me to do was, when the next time I saw the face before me, to run over it, boldly and without a remonstrance—remorselessly, if I could, but to run over it—and I should be well.

It was an easy thing to order—but, then, the face was Margaret's.

Dr. Blanchard professed himself interested in the case which I had exhibited to him, and would not take any fee. I went out from his presence, half comforted, somewhat strengthened, and resolved that I would do as he bade.

I began, in the first place, by fortifying myself daily with a simple tonic, in order that no mere debility might cause a failure, and, perhaps, it was on finding [illegible] feared a fresh encounter—so many weeks went by without its reappearance—the winter, which I had once looked forward to for its promised home and joy, having shifted into spring—that I was fairly drawing fresh breath and fancying myself free—and, being off my guard one night, there it lay.

It was a starlit midnight, with a thick haze catching the starbeams and weaving them into a kind of fleece over the heavens, so that what light there was had a strange and supernatural effect, at best. With this, a wild, high wind was roaring on behind us, like the tramp of a ghostly legion on high, and blowing up some salt, tough gale from the seaboard. Owing to this great wind in our favor—which favoring wind has something as much to do with a railway carriage as with a ship, while pressing from the rear and destroying atmospheric resistance in face—we had made remarkable time, and were ahead of our table, so that I was on the point of slowing, when a white winged night bird, startled by our approach, rose from its covert beside the track, and flew away toward the woods. In another moment something else rose, too, as if a slumbering wayfarer there had lifted head to gaze after the flying shadow, and then it lay back again—and, looking at it intently, I saw the face once more.

I saw the face once more.

Now was my time. What if I should shut my eyes, and, not seeing it, drive on? But no, that would be cowardly—neither would it effect the object, neither could I do it. Moreover, were I able, in so doing I might fail to observe some real obstacle, and so plunge my whole train to destruction. Therefore, I gazed. And gazing, it took the strength out of me—the sweet, wide open eyes; the tender, trembling mouth; the half fainting rose upon the cheek. As the storm swoops and snaps a bending tree, I sent a blast shrieking against the whistle's edge, and felt the answering drag of the brakes, and then, in spite of myself, the throttle valve had done its work, and we were gently slowing, and should have paused at a point several rods from the appealing sight—should have paused—but we did not.

It was as though some mighty and invisible hand, mightier than the breath of steam or the temper of steel, mocking my own, had seized us and was drawing us on at its wicked will. My heart refused to beat—stood still with horror; the shiver that ran even through the roots of my hair hardened there; we were close upon the place, grinding with all our hefty iron over it; we had passed it, and we paused.

The wind had dragged the whole train for that distance. If you doubt me, the books of my profession will tell you that it is no remarkable instance, for a sudden flaw of contrary wind has been known to do so much as to bring to a stop a train under full headway. I would that sudden flaws of contrary wind had been blowing one cruel day for me!

We had passed the place then. Till I could rouse me from the benumbing faintness, could draw a breath, and then could steady my voice, I did not attempt to move. But the instant I mastered myself I went through my customary drama on those occasions—was off, running behind and swinging my lantern over the vacant track, finding nothing, back again, and leaning on my handles before the conductor had reached me. I time by reason of the wind, and I was waiting on the side track for the down train to pass. Fortunately, facts upheld me, or my flushed face and shaking hands would have betrayed the truth, or the falsehood, behind.

I questioned with myself now if the ghost was laid. Yet how could it be? We had run over the face, it was true, but by no volition of mine. Indeed, I had decided exactly the opposite; I had refused to do so; I had stopped. My will had again been cowed and conquered—not yet had it pricked the bubble of this phantasm and caused it to explode into empty and innoxious air.

It would be idle to rehearse the passing of the summer and the coming of the winter, with their continued visitations that then, indeed, came more seldom, but every time with increased power. I had struck work for a season, and had been up resting with Margaret, at her mother's, for two delicious months—resting, just closing my eyes in peace. I had begged her then, before I came away, to marry me; for I thought if I had the dear real face my daily companion, to come home to, to go out from, the fictitious one would perforce die a natural death. But, even had Margaret herself entirely consented, her mother had too many scruples to suffer her only child to leave her for such precarious protection as mine might be. So I went back to solitary life again.

My troubles had now become so much a chronic thing that, except when its manifestations or their results were extraordinary, I took no serious note of them; only the possibility of their future coming, and the actuality of their past, hung over me like a black, suffocating cloud, awake or asleep. In fact, though, I had no sleep that deserved the beneficent name. In place of the sweet oblivion and rest of forgetfulness that other men knew, I had for my part a long and living nightmare.

In all this time I had failed to find sufficient strength to obey the physician's order, to cut through the cursed thing that was killing me, with the sharp flange of my wheels, and annihilate it. But Dr. Blanchard had found me out, although in consulting him I had given no name, and one afternoon he accosted me in the street, on my way to the station, not to ascertain what progress I had made—for that was visible enough in my haggard and jaded appearance—but to ask me if I was to be on duty that night. I responded in the affirmative, and, on hearing my reply, he said gently that he should have the pleasure of trusting himself to my guidance for that trip, and, if I had no objection, and could find room for him, he would be my companion upon the Black Bess. Of course I perceived his intention sufficiently well; and perhaps it was an unwise thing for him to propose, for his mere presence was more likely to conjure up the appearance than to help me overcome it.

If, now, I tell the rest of the story as it appeared to me then, and as my troubled brain received it, it is because remembrance is nearly as vivid as the suffering, and I can hardly say today where reason ends and phantasms begin.

We had a snowy night for this excursion of Dr. Blanchard's, so much is certain; not like that great, white, whirling storm in which the face, all wrapped in folds of bridal lace, flitted before me and rested till I stopped, and not all the big plows in the company's use could then have advanced the snowed up train an inch; but a night of gusty flaws, when a light down dropped on the track and was gone, and velvety flakes draped spray and twig of the woodland and shook off showeringly as we passed, and snow squalls dashed blindingly across our path and vanished, and all the sky was a gray and dazzling bewilderment.

I knew that, whatever the weather was, Margaret would not fail me at the station, and then I told the doctor, as we neared Brookford, what sight there was in store for him at that place, and remarked that it was, may be, fortunate for me that night that Margaret had really to cross the track in order to reach the spot where she was to await us, as in looking out that no danger befell herself I should be less likely to encounter that wraith of hers, nor could I see them both together. But Dr. Blanchard shook his head, and bade me mind my own business, and have that degree of confidence in Margaret to believe her capable of taking care of herself.

And looking out into the wavering whiteness lit by the glare of the headlight, while he shouted forth his gruff advice, all at once—"There! There!" I cried. "There it is!"

"Where?" demanded the doctor, springing to gaze over my shoulder, as if his untrained vision could have discerned so much as an outline in that thick air. "Damn it! Don't be a fool! Drive on!"

"Where?" I answered. "There! right before us. A woman walking. See! she has turned her head; she sees us; she did not hear us in that gust, we have frightened her; she stumbles, she falls, she is lying on the track, she cannot get up—that face, that white face—it is Margaret's!"

"By God! there is no woman there!" he replied, before I had finished. "My eyes are as keen as yours. I tell you there is not a single object before us till we reach the Brookford lights there, a mile away!"

I hardly heard him. I had stretched out my hand to pull up, when I caught a sidelong glimpse of him, brandishing an iron bar above my head. "Touch that handle," he cried, "and I will knock you down!" And then he interposed himself between my hand and it.

"You are mad," I said, calmly, and believing what I said. "Do you suppose I fear your bully? While I am master of the Black Bess she does not run down a woman—least of all that one."

The whole of this was so hurried that not even George Rowe, who stood staring and gaping and hearkening with all his might, could make out a syllable.

"Very well," said the doctor then, reversing his method, and yelling but his words in my ear till he must have been purple. "You are convinced that you see this face, and as both your fireman and I myself can assure you that we see nothing there, you must feel equally convinced that it is your pursuing phantom, as you call it. Now, then, is the time to put an end to it. Destroy it. Exert your will. You have only to fold your hands behind you. Nothing else in the world to do. Give them here to me. The engine will do the rest. Be a man now—remember that, this once done, all your peace begins—Margaret and marriage—home and happiness. There is nothing there! Drive on!"

I heard him now, but as a hollow voice might speak far, far outside of the world in which I was.

I had fixed my will, as much as it was possible to fix so loose and weak and shaking a thing, a bundle of broken links—I was determined to obey him.

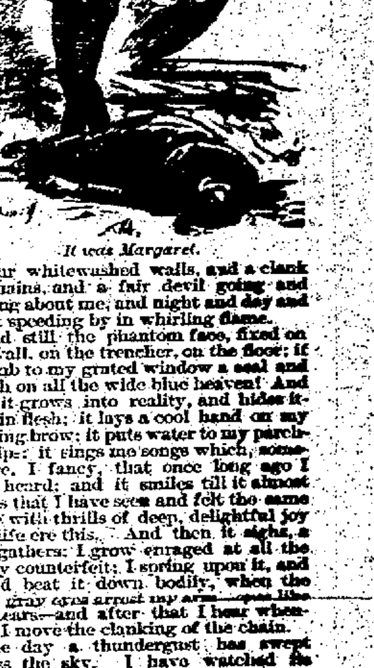
But all the time I saw only her, only her sweet face in the snowy light, as I never should see it again—the hood had fallen back from it, the wet rings of the dark hair were blowing out from it, a tint like the flush of the tea rose was lying on its cheek—not that I noted all such items then, I remember them today, they were impressed like the work of a die—the ripe and lovely lips of the tender trembling mouth were parted as if calling to me by some old fond name, the eyes suffused through all their depth with the light we cast before us, the sweet gray eyes, like those of the deserted German girl, shone up at me like two great tears. Ah! how many times before had they gazed into mine with long and lovely looks—and now for the last time—had I returned their gaze with all the protestations of passion—and standing here to bray them into nothingness—oh, all the meetings and partings of the days that could dawn no more—the dear embraces of those arms never to be felt again, the warm, full kisses of the meeting mouth—and I myself blotting all out! To save me the vexing sting of a gadfly I was crashing down on the best beloved thing in the world with all the mighty revolutions of my ponderous red hot iron, with drooping coals and the blasting breath of steam, with all the murderous purpose of this jumping, plunging fiend that I alone controlled, with a shrouding deafening fury that to the waiting victim drowned the universe in its roar.

All these horrors came one by one before my mind, and dropped into my resolve like grains into the weighing scale. I suffered agony. My knees were shaking under me. I doubt if I could have lifted my hand—it hung nerveless by my side; the life was dying out of me. I only stared through my window, along the track, at the woman's face with the fright hardening into it, the blank terror there, [illegible] thundering down in the [illegible], wild throes of sundering socket and mangling flesh, that in one instant would have their hellish grip on every live nerve and spurting vein. Then my ears were singing with shrieks; I fancied that even through the hot roar and reverberation of our flight I heard the rest. When would the last car be over, the last wheel turned? Was that swift hiss the severing of a tress upon the rail?

It was passed. We rolled into Brookford station; George Rowe's hand had slipped before me and slowed the Black Bess to her usual point. We stopped. Then the blood bounded back to my heart, to my throat, to my face, the strength of an army to my single hand.

I seized Dr. Blanchard by the shoulder as if he had been made of card board. "Come back with me!" I hoarsely yelled. "If we find nothing I am well once more—but if it is as I am sure it is, then you are dead!"

And, regardless of my train, swinging my lantern to this side and to that, I rushed back with him to the spot where the highway crossed the track, and where I swore some torn, crushed thing must lie. Never, never had I been so sure—and there—yes, yes—sob and strangle, you fool!—oh, God! oh, God!—it was Margaret!



It was Margaret.

Four whitewashed walls, and a clank of chains, and a fair devil going and coming about me, and night and day and night speeding by in whirling flame.

And still the phantom face, fixed on the wall, on the trencher, on the floor; if I climb to my grated window a seal and blotch on all the wide blue heaven! And then it grows into reality, and hides itself in flesh; it lays a cool hand on my burning brow; it puts water to my parching lips; it sings me songs which, somewhere, I fancy, that once long ago I have heard; and it smiles till it almost seems that I have seen and felt the same smile with thrills of deep, delightful joy in a life ere this. And then it sighs, a tear gathers; I grow enraged at all the lovely counterfeit; I spring upon it, and would beat it down bodily, when the fixed gray eyes arrest my arm [illegible] two tears—and after that I hear whenever I move the clanking of the chain.

One day a thundergust has swept across the sky. I have watched its purple masses fold and lap and let their fire down to earth, and, as if I were myself metallic, have felt the electric current coursing down the countless rods [illegible] sensation has come over me, as if the blood had turned about and were running the right way in my veins, I am conscious of its fresh free tingling, as if I were just made.

I look at the lovely fiend sitting there beside me, so unmoved by the wild commotion of the elements; I mind the spray of tea roses in her hair, falling over one ear, and lending their tint to all the delicate skin below. "Let me see you, fair devil, if you are shadow or substance!" I exclaim. "You pursuing phantom, if you are not all an evil spirit, let me see if there is any blood in your veins!"

The tint upon her skin grows paler, but she smiles on me, and lifts the sleeve from the bare ivory of her rounded arm. She takes from some hidden place a tiny toy knife, and gives it me.

Then she looks at me again with her beautiful, fearless eyes. I do not hesitate for all they say. I scan the fair faint veinery—I choose—and the red, red blood is trickling down, and all the tint upon her cheeks is gone, and she falls forward upon my breast. "Margaret!" I cry.

"He speaks my name," she murmurs, as one enters. "Oh! all is well!"

And all is well, indeed. From that hour I am myself. The old trouble arising from the concussion that I so long ago experienced is entirely done away with; the ghost that so long stalked through the chambers of my brain is laid to rest, and never have I seen a trace of it; but Margaret, long since recovered from her injury—Margaret herself, in the beautiful body of her flesh and blood—is seldom out of my sight.

When I came from my whitewashed prison room Dr. Blanchard himself took me in hand, had me at his own house till strong enough again to fight my way, and then established me in a different occupation from that in which he originally found me. I ventured out from that in time into deeper water. I have prospered, as you know—improved myself, as you may imagine; my house, my retinue, my equipage are worthy of my wife, for the mother of many children is more beautiful in her maturity than in her maidenhood, and if any material comfort, pride and pleasure can atone to her for all the trouble of her youth the earth shall be ransacked but it shall be hers!

Professor Henry says on the much vexed question of cooked, wet or dry feed for hogs: "In conducting experiments with cooked and uncooked feed, it was found that a hog would eat more uncooked feed than cooked, and in these experiments we note that he ate more wet feed than dry feed. Since we desire him to eat the maximum quantity per day, it would seem that in some cases at least wet feed is superior to cooked feed on the one hand and dry feed on the other. Such seems to be the status of the important question of how to prepare feed for swine at the present time."

Etiquette in the Saddle.

The empress of Austria sits alternately on either side of her horse, and has saddles made in both ways. This plan is adopted by several of the noble ladies of England who hunt regularly.

The advantages of riding on one hand or the other of the escort are equally balanced. When riding on the right side the lady is protected from passing vehicles; on the left, her escort is enabled more quickly and safely to take her horse by the head.

The seat should be in the middle of the saddle, not on either side. The wrists should bend inward so as to permit of a little play of the wrist joint at each tug of the horse on the reins.

In rising to the trot, bear outwardly with the left heel, which will keep the knee close against the saddle and prevent the leg from swaying about. At the same time be careful not to rise towards the left.

It looks well to see a lady cantering beside a gentleman who is trotting, but the reverse never seems quite good form.

In this country top boots for the groom are by no means de rigueur, and under many circumstances would savor more of pretense than of real gentility.

The groom should never canter, but should trot in a business like way, rising in his stirrups, or, if necessary, should gallop, sitting straight, with hands low and feet thrust home in the stirrups.

The English rule for country riding and the park alike requires a gentleman to pull up and pass a lady, if alone, at a walk, whether she be on foot or on horseback.—Horsemanship for Women.

McKean County Miner

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L. RODGERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 15, 1889.

GOV. AND MRS. BEAVER, gave their first reception on Thursday evening of last week. It is said that there were a thousand guests in attendance, and that the floral decorations were grand.

SENATOR DELAMATER wants to pass a new Savings Bank law. He ought to know that there is a law of that character on the Pennsylvania statutes now which has always worked to satisfaction.

ASSISTANT Doorkeeper Bassett has been in the employ of the U. S. Senate fifty-eight years. He recently celebrated his golden wedding and was then made the recipient of a handsome present from the senators.

AFTER drilling a well nearly 5,000 feet in depth, the people of Erie have come to the conclusion that gas, in paying quantities, will not be found under that city. The deep well is utterly devoid of the natural fuel.

NOTICING the bill before the Pennsylvania House of Representatives prohibiting treating, making it a penal offense, punishable by a fine of not less than $50 or over $100, for any one to treat another to intoxicating liquors, the New York *Herald* commends it as "an example for New Yorkers."

CONSUL GENERAL SEWALL, whose resignation has been called for, says that Germany is bent on securing control of Samoa, and furthermore, that Lord Salisbury is a party to this scheme, and that the movement is only the precursor of an Anglo-German attempt to secure supremacy in the Hawaiian Islands.

A MOST effective way to suppress intemperance is to pass the anti-treating bill now before the Legislature, and yet there are papers which ridicule the measure. Why should a man pay for another's whiskey any more than he should pay for his coffee. In European countries where the treating business is unknown, intoxicated men are rarely seen.

HON. L. A. Mackey of Lock Haven, who died in that city on Saturday last, was well known all through this section of the State, and his friends were legion. He was the first Mayor of that city when it was incorporated 19 years ago, had served a term or two in Congress, and for many years was President of the Bald Eagle Railroad Company. Mr. Mackey was a whole-souled, genial companion, noted for his hospitality [illegible] forth many expressions of sorrow at home and abroad.

MAYOR DEMPSEY has been overwhelmingly re-nominated by the Republicans of Bradford, for a second term as Mayor of that city. This is pretty conclusive evidence that he has made an exceptionally satisfactory officer. City Treasurer Boyne was also re-nominated with a unanimity which speaks well for his official conduct in the past. It can hardly be possible but that these gentlemen, with their colleague, Mr. Albert, who was nominated for Controller, will be elected by decisive majorities.

SEVENTY-FIVE members of Geo. H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., of Indianapolis, called on Gen. Harrison on Tuesday of last week, and through their commander presented him with an elegant gold button, the badge of the order. It is in the form of a star being marked with a diamond. The centre is of black enamel, in which is the legend "1861 — Veteran — 1866." Surrounding the symbol of the order are veterans shaking hands. On the reverse side is the inscription "George H. Thomas Post No. 17, to Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, 1889." General Harrison is a member of that Post.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDER.

The election of Thos. J. Stewart as Department Commander of the G. A. R. of Pennsylvania would, ordinarily, prove as popular among the veterans of the State as any that could be made. But there is no disguising the fact that his election, which occurred in Erie on Wednesday last is not entirely satisfactory to a large section of the State and for this reason: Never in the history of the Grand Army of Pennsylvania has that great, loyal territory, lying north of Pittsburgh and west of Centre county, been honored with a Department Commander. For years past there has been at least a tacit understanding, that if the north-western counties presented a candidate with a reasonable degree of unanimity their choice would be endorsed by the State Encampment. At the annual meeting of the North-Western Association, G. A. R., (at which were representatives from 13 counties) held in Bradford, last summer, Gen. D. B. McCreary of Erie received the endorsement of the Association for Department Commander. That endorsement would have been unanimous had it not been for the presence of a gentleman from Harrisburg. Up to that meeting the name of Col. Stewart had never been mentioned as a candidate for Department Commander, but it was not long after before it was noised about that his candidacy was among the probabilities. Simultaneously the vilest insinuations as to Gen. McCreary's integrity were circulated, and for the first time in his life he discovered that at least one man among his neighbors was endeavoring to convince his comrades of the Grand Army that he was unworthy their confidence. These efforts fell flat wherever Gen. McCreary was known, but they probably had some weight in distant sections of the State. We do not for one moment believe that Col. Stewart would countenance such tactics; he is too honorable a man. But we do believe that a less popular man could not have defeated Gen. McCreary, and if it must be so then we are free to say that we prefer to be licked by Tom Stewart than any other man in the State.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL.

(From our own correspondent.)

HARRISBURG, Feb'y 11th, 1889.—The thirty-nine days that have passed since the opening of the present session of the Legislature, have been thus far well spent if the size of the bill files in both Houses may be taken as a proper guide to base our opinion on. The actual time of sessions has covered less than twenty-five days, yet the House file contains two hundred and forty five bills that have been considered in committee and are, a number of them, in an advanced condition toward final passage. The number introduced is over four hundred. In the Senate the files contain eighty-eight bills, among them a number of House bills. The quantity of bills already reported exceeds in number that of any previous session of the Legislature in the same number of days, at so early a date in the session. It is singular, at this early date to hear members talking of the date for final adjournment. The most extravagant guess does not place this date beyond May 15th. The session salary as against the per diem compensation for Legislators, seems to have been a happy conception for all. During the past week, Worthy Master Leonard Rhone, of the State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, has been a constant visitor in the Legislative halls and has been an untiring worker for the Granger Anti-Chicago Beef Bill and which has been adversely reported from the House Committee. On Friday last Mr. Taggart, the champion of the measure in the House, attempted to have the bill placed on the calendar, notwithstanding the adverse report of the committee, but the house was in no humor to reverse the action of one of its committees and by a decided vote refused to put new life into the Anti Chicago Beef bill. I learn, however, that another attempt will be made either to get it on the calendar or to have it re-committed to this committee for further consideration.

In the Senate the Insurance Committee considered the proposition of the Volunteer Firemen's Association, to compel foreign fire insurance companies, engaged in business in this State, to pay a certain per centum of premiums for business done in Pennsylvania, for the creation of a fund to to support firemen killed or injured while on duty. This is the measure in which Mr. Bert McAllister, Chief of the Bradford Fire Department, has taken so great an interest. The Insurance Commissioner of the State appeared before the committee in opposition to the bill, and in the absence of any of its friends the committee have determined to report it back to the Senate adversely, but at the suggestion of Senator Packer, who presented the bill to the Senate, final action was deferred until some of the friends of the proposition could be heard. I learn they have been notified of the danger their bill is in.

The foreign fire insurance companies are in great trouble over what is known as the "Valued Policy Bill." It is a bill that proposes to compel fire insurance companies to have an agent of their companies examine properties to be insured and place upon such properties an insurable value, which amount in case of total loss must be paid to the insured. The object of the bill is to prevent insurance adjusters to make it possible for insurance companies to pay only a portion of the loss, or the amount as fixed by the adjuster. On the other hand, the insurance companies claim that the bill offers a premium for the crime of arson, besides it invites collusion between an agent and an insurer to place a fictitious value on property and thus offers a premium to incendiarism to procure the insurance. The bill, which has been re-committed to the Insurance Committee of the House for further hearing, is on the calendar of second reading bills. It will be desperately fought by the insurance companies after it is re-reported to the House, but the pressure that will be brought to bear in favor of the measure by those who are familiar with the proceedings of fire insurance loss adjusters are confident that the bill will be enacted into a law.

In the Senate, on Friday last, Senator Rutan presented a bill which has for its object the establishment of a Rogues' Gallery in all the penal institutions of the State. The idea is to make this a means by which chronic evil doers may be identified if arrested for a second or subsequent offense, and it is proposed in addition to the photograph of a criminal to have his biography and history, and this may be used against him on a trial. The professional criminal will of course object to the bill, because the many aliases under which he may travel from place to place will not screen him as against the truthfulness of the photographer's art. The measure, it is said, if enacted into a law, will be a great aid in arresting and identifying criminals who one week may be in Pennsylvania and the next week in some other State, as a copy of any photograph can be readily made and sent to a place where such criminal may be arrested.

The coming encampment of G. A. R. boys at Erie will be one of unusual interest to the veterans and the probabilities are that it will be a large encampment. The soldiers' orphan school question will be one of the subjects that will command attention, and while I am on this subject I desire just a few words in defense of Dr. Higbee, of superintendent soldiers' orphan schools. General Wagner, a few days ago in the Philadelphia *Record*, makes the charge that a report he made in 1887, when he was inspector of the schools under Pattison's administration was ignored by Dr. Higbee, and was never published in the Report of the Superintendent of Soldiers' Orphan Schools. It may not be generally known but it is a fact, so I am told, that Dr. Higbee never received the report alluded to; it was made to Governor Pattison and its existence was never known until it was too late for publication in the superintendent's report. Even had this not been the case the report could have had no place in the Annual Report of the Superintendent of Soldiers' Orphan Schools. It ignored Dr. Higbee as head of the schools and was sent to Pattison who made his political, party investigation of the schools. This much I say in defence of Dr. Higbee, whose management of the schools has been marked by faithfulness and uprightness in the administration of affairs connected with the soldiers' orphans, and whatever charges have been made against him have been prompted by partisan hate and a political paper that wanted to make party capital.

The G. A. R. boys look anxiously towards the Erie Encampment for the formulation of an acceptable measure to the present Legislature, to care for children under 16 years of age, who will be at the schools June 1st, 1890, the date fixed under existing law when the schools must close. The Legislature will be asked to extend the time until June 1st, 1895, at which time all now in the schools, save possibly a few over a hundred will have reached the age of sixteen years. This much the Legislature will be asked for the orphaned children of our deceased comrades and this much we expect to have granted.

ALCROFT.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Unless death prevent, James Gillespie Blaine will be the next Secretary of State. I am in a position to make the above statement as positive as words can make it. All rumors to the contrary are but the vaporings of idle minds and may be set down as without the slightest foundation. Mr. Blaine has this week signed the papers whereby he takes possession on a ten years lease, of the historic old house, just opposite the White House, known as the "Seward Mansion." It was in this house that the attempt was made to assassinate the late William H. Seward, on the same evening that President Lincoln was shot by Wilkes Booth. For some years the house has been occupied as a branch office of the War Department, but now it will again become the centre of attraction to public men as it was for so many years.

No man who observes with ordinary care the signs of the times can fail to note the rapid growth of the idea that eventually the United States will govern this entire continent. I was forcibly reminded of this while listening to a few remarks in the House made by Representative Chipman, of Michigan, in favor of the bill chartering the Nicaragua Canal Company. He said: "The day for isolation has passed. Voices from all parts of the world are warning the United States of this * * * voices from the Isthmus, from Canada from Samoa, from wherever foreign nations have planted their flags. The attempt to make it impracticable for American enterprise to plant itself in foreign countries is too late. The time has come for a haughty and dictatorial American policy. We are carrying the flag into that region of Central America. It is a brave step, and I for one hope that this step is only a prelude to the day when the nation will follow, and we as a people will plant our feet on those regions and when our flag shall wave over the State of Nicaragua as a State of the United States of America." The applause which followed Mr. Chipman's little speech was fairly deafening for a moment, showing that he had but voiced the sentiment of many of his colleagues.

At last the momentous question of where the "man of destiny," otherwise known as Grover Cleveland, will reside after the fourth of March, has been officially settled. He has authorized the announcement that he has joined a prominent firm of lawyers in New York city, and in company with Mrs. Cleveland he has last week been in New York to engage apartments for occupancy after March fourth. In this connection it may be well to remark that Washington has been visited this week by a rival "man of destiny" * * * David Bennett Hill, at present Governor of the great State of New York. The rivals did not meet except in the most formal manner at the house of Secretary Whitney, where they were both guests at a grand dinner. So afraid was Mr. Cleveland that Governor Hill might call on him at the White House that after leaving the dinner party at Whitney's he and Mrs. Cleveland took a late train for New York. And yet the Democrats try to tell you that the kindest feeling exists between Hill and Cleveland. If this be kindness, deliver me from such. Hill received more real attention from the Democrats in Congress during his stay here than Cleveland has had from the same men during the whole of his Presidential term.

The war scare is about over. Secretary Bayard has accepted Bismark's proposition to resume the conference in regard to Samoa which was suspended in 1887.

There is still some hope that a little territorial legislation may be gotten through this session. The basis of this hope is that the House will accept the Senate amendments to the Springer "omnibus bill," which leaves New Mexico out. The House committee on territories have also reported Springer's omnibus bill number two, for the admission of Arizona, Idaho and Wyoming. But the committee lacked the nerve to report the bill for the admission of Utah.

R.

THE late Mrs. Jay Gould's greatest delight was with her children and flowers. Her conservatory cost at least a half a million dollars. She rests in a tomb that cost $50,000—on a spot in in Woodlawn selected by herself. She was a most estimable and much beloved woman. Her funeral was of the simplest kind and in accordance with her wishes, yet very impressive. The remains were accompanied to Woodlawn by only 18 of the nearest relatives and friends. A more unostentatious funeral has seldom been seen in the city where she lived.

A FACT which indicates the selection of John Wanamaker as a member of the Cabinet, is that he has purchased the Frelinghuysen house on I street, above Seventeenth, in Washington now occupied by Secretary Whitney. When Mr. Whitney leased this property, he secured an option for its purchase, the price being fixed at $50,000. Although Mr. Whitney did not make the purchase, he added a ball room and made other improvements which involved an expenditure of $30,000. Mr. Wanamaker has purchased the property on Mr. Whitney's option, paying therefor $80,000.

THE W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

This column is conducted by the Womans' Christian Temperance Union of McKean Co.

WHICH WAS THE BEST FRIEND?

And it came to pass a certain man journeyed from the cradle to the grave, he fell among saloon-keepers, who robbed him of his money, ruined his good name, destroyed his reason, and then kicked him out worse than dead.

A moderate drinker came that way and when he saw him he said: He is but a dog, they served him right; let him die; he is but a curse to his family.

And also a license voter came that way, and when he saw him he said: The brute! Put a ball and chain on his leg and work him on the street.

And a fanatic teetotaller came that way and when he saw him he had compassion on him and raised him up, assisted him to his home and ministered to his wants, and to the wants of his family, got him to sign the pledge, and started him on his journey to comfort and happiness.

Who, think you, was the greater friend of humanity, the saloon-keeper, the moderate drinker, the license voter, or the teetotaller?

Your answer is desired.

ASK HIS MOTHER.

If you want to find out what a boy is worth, go and ask his mother. By the time she goes into the jaws of death to give him birth, and then puts into him her days of love and her nights of care, and he stands before her strong and clean and tall at twenty one, she can tell you what he is worth from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and when the legalized dramshop takes hold of him, tears him down fibre by fibre, and puts oaths on the lips that she used to kiss, and crushes out his mother's hopes, it is no wonder she makes outcry. If you want to know what a home is worth go and ask a loving woman who has kept herself as pure as God's lilies for her marriage days, when, with a great shine in her eyes, she puts herself over into the hands of one man, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, until life's end. And when the dram shop with its fearful curse crosses the threshold of the home they built together, and take down her strong tower of hope, stone by stone, and degrades the father of her children, it is no wonder she makes outcry.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

Some months ago, says a writer, I met a young English woman who came to the city of New York to marry a young man to whom she was affianced in England, and who had come to this country two years previous to engage in business. She was to marry him at the home of a friend of her mother's, with whom she was staying. During the time she was making up her wedding outfit, he came to see her one evening when he was just drunk enough to be foolish. She was shocked and pained beyond measure. She then learned, for the first time, that he was in the habit of drinking frequently to excess. She immediately stopped her preparations, and told him she could not marry him. He protested that she would drive him to destruction; promised never to drink another drop, etc.

"No," she said, "I dare not trust my future happiness to a man who has formed such a habit. I came three thousand miles to marry the man I loved, and now, rather than to marry a drunkard, I will go three thousand miles back again," and she went, and thus proved herself wise and strong. Better a thousand times dissolve the tenderest tie, than to be linked to that "body of death" a loathsome, helpless drunkard.

But how many young women there are who would falter, and hesitate, and yield, and put faith in a drunkard's word: How many have already done so, whose throbbing hearts only ceased their hopeless achings in the chilling silence of the sepulchre. Oh, women, be careful where you step! Let every woman take a firm stand on this ground and it would do more to prevent intemperance than any present means can accomplish.

A Brief Review.

Last November Mr. W. L. Rees in the *Nineteenth Century* published an exhaustive review of "German Conduct in Samoa."

In this article he shows how internal commotions were fomented in the Samoan Islands by Mr. Weber, the manager of the German trading firm, and by the German Consuls, all pointing to the ultimate acquisition of the island by Germany, if not prevented by outside interference.

He alludes to the various treaties made by Samoa with the United States in 1878, with Germany in 1879 and with England in the same year; also to the treaty of 1884 made under pressure with Germany, and afterwards disallowed by England and America and repudiated by Malietoa as having been extorted by threats.

He recalls the petiton to England to annex Samoa. He refers to the delimitation treaty of 1886 signed between England and Germany, by which it was formerly agreed that Samoa, Tonga and some other groups should be declared absolutely neutral territory.

Then follows a recital of the events leading to the degradation and captivity of Malietoa—a robbery on the part of Germany and cowardice on the part of England and the United States.

What has taken place since is well known to all newspaper readers, and the world will watch with some curiosity to see if the outcome will be a Bismarckian conquest or a Bismarckian backdown.

It has been a shameful piece of business all through.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

DUKE CENTRE.

Thos. Lawry was in town collecting taxes during the week.

R. W. Brown was in Warren a few days the first of the week.

A dime social was held at the M. E. parsonage last Friday evening.

J. K. Brown and wife and Jno. Baldwin were at the State Encampment at Erie.

Charles Hatch and wife, of State Line, attended the State Encampment at Erie, this week.

Miss Birdie Fisher came over from Allegany last week. She returned to her school again Wednesday.

A number of friends enjoyed themselves at the residence of Mr. Chas. Brown last Tuesday evening.

John G. Stevens, the boy orator, gave a rich and appreciable entertainment to the few who were lucky enough to hear him on Monday evening.

Merritt Baldwin and wife, of Michigan, who have been visiting friends and relatives in this place and neighborhood, returned to their home the first of the week.

A number of our young people attended the theatre at Bradford last Friday evening, and saw "Our Irish Visitors" played, as did also some on Tuesday evening.

The result of Mr. Parker's convention in this place is the organization of a Choral Union of about sixty members. Good for Mr. Parker; good for the members of the Choral Union.

The Republican League met at Union hall last Friday evening. Experience has taught the members that they did not want any more union caucuses, they therefore called a strictly Ben Harrison caucus one week from that time.

John Goll left last Saturday afternoon for Little Washington, where he has accepted a position on a lease. His friends in this place very much regret his departure as he was a general favorite, and one of the most prominent members of the band.

Miss Edna Freed was called home from her school at Allegany, last week, on account of her father's sickness. Mr. Freed was removed to the Bradford hospital a few weeks ago, where the best of care and medical aid might be had, but his recovery is very doubtful.

The Population of Smethport

Is about two thousand and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Trial size free. Large Bottle 50c and $1. Sold by all druggists.

The Chill Blast

That sets the naked branches a quivering, is not felt by the wealthy valetudinarian indoors, but not all the covering that can be piled on his warm bed, nor all the furnace heat that anthracite can furnish, will warm his marrow when chills and fever runs its icy fingers along his spinal column. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the thing to infuse new warmth into his chilled and anguish frame, to remedy the fierce fever and exhausting sweats which alternate with the chill. Dumb ague, ague cake, bilious remittent—in short, every known form of malarial disease is subjugated by this potent, and at the same time, wholesome and genial medicine. Biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, sick headaches, loss of appetite and sleep, kidney trouble, rheumatism and debility are also remedied by it. Use it with persistence to effect a thorough cure.

WHAT
SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES
CONSUMPTION
SCROFULA
BRONCHITIS
COUGHS
COLDS
Wasting Diseases
Wonderful Flesh Producer
Many have gained one pound per day by its use.
Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.
PALATABLE AS MILK.
Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Alias Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1889, AT 1 P. M.,

the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land, in Warrants Nos. 3936 and 3493, Bradford township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the easterly line of lands of the Buffalo, Bradford and Pittsburgh Railway and in the north line of the land of James W. Hilton; thence south 87 degrees, east along said north line 335.6 feet to a post; thence south 49 degrees, west 603 feet to a pine tree, thence north 35 degrees, west 115 feet to a post in the easterly line of the said railway lands; thence northerly bounding on said easterly line to the place of beginning. Containing two and 35-100 acres, more or less, according to survey of L. Gerton of September 6, 1878. Being the same premises conveyed by James W. Hilton and wife to Frank E. Brain, by deed dated January 7, 1880, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of McKean county, in Deed Book, Vol. 7, pages 46, &c. Together with the appurtenances. One large frame building of dimensions about 84 feet in width and about 208 feet in length, known as the Bradford Glass Works building, situate thereon. Also all of the property and belonging to the same. And the franchises of said Bradford Glass Works.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Bradford Glass Works at the suit of Mrs. L. Williams.

A. Lee Weil and Geo. A. Sturgeon, plaintiff's attorneys.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land, in Warrants Nos. [illegible] and 3493, Bradford township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the easterly line of lands of the Buffalo, Bradford & Pittsburgh Railway and in the north line of the land of James W. Hilton; thence south 87 degrees, east along said north line 335.6 feet to a post; thence south 49 degrees, west 603 feet to a pine tree; thence north 35 degrees, west 115 feet to a post in the easterly line of the said railway lands; thence northerly bounding on said easterly line to the place of beginning. Containing two and 35-100 acres, more or less, according to survey of L. Gerton of September 6, 1878. Being the same premises conveyed by James W. Hilton and wife to Frank E. Brain, by deed dated January 7, 1880, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of McKean county, in Deed Book, Vol. 7, pages 46, &c. Together with the appurtenances. One large frame building of dimensions about 84 feet in width and about 208 feet in length, known as the Bradford Glass Works building, situate thereon and belonging to the same. Also all of the property and franchises of said Bradford Glass Works.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. B. McCartney at the suit of William Pennock.

W. B. & J. B. Chapman, plaintiff's att'ys.

3.

Defendant's interest in a lot of land in Ceres township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post corner in the south line of lot No. 117; thence east 112.6 perches to an iron-wood corner; thence south 25.5 perches to a post in the north line of lot No. 125; thence west 10.2 perches to the north-west corner of same; thence south 53.4 perches to a sugar corner; thence west 53.4 perches to a corner; thence north 78.9 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 50 acres, more or less. Being lot No. 116 of Keating & Co. allotment of land in said township and part of Warrants 2195 and 2447. Improved, about 25 acres cleared, the balance slashing, and having thereon erected one one and a half story frame dwelling house with wing attached, one small board barn and usual outbuildings. Also spring of water and good young orchard thereon.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Edward Hammond at the suit of William Evens.

Apple & Bouton, plaintiff's att'ys.

4.

Defendant's interest in a lot of land in Ceres township, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, containing forty (40) acres and part of Warrants Nos. 2217 and 2253, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a hemlock, being the south-west corner of a lot conveyed by Joseph Karr to Luther Eastman and Sophia Ann his wife, then to Charles B. Walber, Henrietta, his wife, then to Phineas V. Maxson and Harriet his wife, then to Luke B. Maxson and Ann E. Maxson his wife, then to E. A. Pratt, thence north thirty-two (32) rods to a post corner, thence east two hundred rods to a post corner in east line of above mentioned lot, thence south thirty-two rods to an Ironwood corner, thence west two hundred rods to the place of beginning. Containing forty acres more or less. Improved and having thereon one board house, one board barn, a small orchard, several springs of water and usual outbuildings. About 15 acres improved.

Also another lot of land in township aforesaid bounded and described as follows, viz.: beginning at the northeast corner of the old Joseph Horr farm and running south three chains and eighty-one links, thence west twenty-six chains and nineteen links, thence north three chains and eighty-one links, thence east twenty-six chains and nineteen links to the place of beginning. Containing ten acres of land, be the same more or less. Being parts of warrants Nos. 2217 and 2253, being the same land deeded by Phineas V. Maxson and Harriet his wife to Luke B. Maxson by deed dated Oct. 5, 1875, and deeded to first party August 11, 1887, by E. A. Pratt and wife and P. V. Maxson and wife. Improved and having thereon one old water saw mill, two small board houses, a good orchard, several springs of water and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Harriet Maxson at the suit of John J. Rubarts.

John N. Apple, plaintiff's attorney.

5

The defendant's interest in all those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the townships of Liberty and Norwich, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: being parts of warrants Nos. 2433, 2441, and 2347: Beginning at a post being the south-east corner of warrant No. 2441 (original hemlock), thence west on south line of same four hundred and forty rods to post corner; thence by the following courses and distances, viz: South 85 degrees west thirty-six rods, south 78 degrees east one hundred and four rods, south 40 degrees east one hundred and ninety-four and nine-tenths rods to a post in F. H. & C. W. Goodyear's line of half-mile tract; thence along same north 85 degrees east nine and four-tenths rods to corner; thence south 83 degrees east sixty-eight rods east forty rods, north 67 degrees east twenty-four and four-tenths rods, north 85 degrees east twenty-three rods, north eighty rods, north 37 degrees east seventy rods, north 03 degrees east sixty-eight rods to a post corner in east line of Warrant No. 2347; thence north on same fifty-six rods to place of beginning. Containing three hundred and sixty-seven acres more or less. Also another tract beginning at a hemlock standing two hundred and seventy rods south of the north-west corner of Warrant No. 2433; thence south one hundred rods to birch in east line of Warrant No. 2914; thence east eighty rods to beech corner; thence north one hundred rods to post corner; thence west eighty rods to place of beginning. Containing fifty acres more or less, in all containing four hundred and seventeen acres.

ALSO all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Liberty, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a birch the southwest corner of Warrant No. 1269; thence south along west line of Warrant No. 1269 three hundred and twenty perches to a hemlock; thence west along north line of Warrant No. 2347 five hundred and twenty-four and seven-tenths perches; thence north along east line of Warrant No. 2914 two hundred and seventy perches to a birch; thence east along south line of land contracted to F. H. Arnold eighty perches; thence north along east line of said Arnold's land fifty perches; thence east along south line of Warrant No. 2435 four hundred forty-four and seven-tenths perches to a birch the place of beginning. Containing one thousand and twenty-five acres of land, be the same more or less, being Warrant No. 2441.

ALSO that other certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township, county and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a beech the south-east corner of Warrant No. 2473 in Liberty township aforesaid; thence east along south line of land owned by the heirs of John Keating and Warrant No. 1285, five hundred and twenty-four and seven-tenth perches to a hemlock; thence south along west line of Warrant No. 1269, three hundred and twenty perches to a birch; thence west along north line of Warrant No. 2441, four hundred forty-four and seven-tenth perches; thence north along line of land contracted to be sold to F. H. Arnold, fifty perches; thence west along north line of said Arnold's land eighty perches to a hemlock; thence north along east line of warrant No. 2 71 two hundred and seventy perches to a beech, the place of beginning. Containing one thousand and twenty-five acres of land, be the same more or less, and being Warrant No. 2435. Excepting and reserving from tract last mentioned and described an undivided one hundred and twenty-five acres owned by Henry S. Beach. Also an undivided one hundred eighty seven and five-tenth acres owned by Amelia B. Ingraham. The above pieces or parcels of land having thereon about four (4) miles of tram railroad and branches.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of G. D. Briggs at the suit of Daniel E. Bailey.

Robt. H. Rose, plaintiff's attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in a lot of land in Keating township, McKean county and State of Pennsylvania, containing fifty-six acres and seven-tenths of an acre, being lot No. 115 of the sub-division of Keating lands in said township, and part of Warrants Nos. 2075 and 2083, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the south-east corner of lot conveyed to Homer Howe, No. 213; thence north 128.3 perches to the north-east corner thereof; thence east 41 perches to a post in the west line of land of Wm. H. Herd, No. 123; thence south 28.4 perches to the south-west corner thereof; thence east 28.2 perches to a post; thence south 100 rods to a post; thence west 80 rods to the place of beginning. Improved and having thereon one one-story board dwelling house, one large frame barn, a good orchard, usual outbuildings and well watered.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Joseph B. Ballard at the suit of William V. Keating, Adolph E. Rorie and James M. Wilcox, now for the use of Byron D. Hamlin.

John Forrest, plaintiff's attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that piece, parcel or tract of land, situate in Keating township, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post corner in the centre of the road, being the south-east corner of a thirty-one acre lot, part of lot No. 20, of the allotment of Keating lands in Keating township; thence north twenty-three degrees, east eighty-six feet (N. 23 degrees, E. 86); thence west two hundred feet (200); thence south to the line between land of Charles E. B. Hatch and Wm. S. Moore; thence by said line east to the place of beginning. Containing about sixty (60) square perches, be the same more or less, and being part of said lot No. 20, with the appurtenances. Being the same premises conveyed to Erwin Schott by Charles E. B. Hatch by deed dated April 24, 1878, recorded February 13, 1879, in Deed Book, No. "2," page 163, etc. Improved and having thereon one large two-story board building, used as a brewery, one one-story board building, used as a bottling house, usual outbuildings and well watered.

ALSO—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Keating township, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the centre of the Smethport and Olean road at the north-east corner of a lot of land conveyed to Erwin Schott by Charles E. B. Hatch by deed dated the 24th day of April, 1878, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county in Deed Book, No. "2," page 163, etc.; thence west on the north line of said lot 200 feet, more or less, to the north-west corner thereof; thence south on the west line of said lot, to the south-west corner of said lot; thence west 46 feet, more or less, to a post in line of land of the W. S. Moore estate; thence north to a post corner standing about 46 feet west of the south-west corner of land occupied by Henry Cook; thence east about 46 feet to south-west corner of land occupied by said Henry Cook; thence east along the south line of Henry Cook lot to a post in the centre of said Smethport and Olean road; thence in a south-westerly direction along the centre of said road to the place of beginning. Containing 16,000 square feet of land, more or less. Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house, with one-story addition on the back, one large frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Erwin Schott at the suit of Margurite Dehn.

Apple & Bouton, plaintiff's attorneys.

W. B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, February 7, 1889.

Court Proclamation.

THE HON. A. G. OLMSTED, President Judge, of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphan's and Court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean, has issued his precept, bearing date Friday, Dec. 14th, 1888, and to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, at the borough of Smethport, on Monday, the 25th day of February, 1889, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to Coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables, within the county that they be then and there in their proper person at 1 o'clock p. m., of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and other remembrances, to do those things which their offices appertain to be done. And those who are bound by their recognizance to prosecute the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of said county of McKean are to be then and there to prosecute against them as well as just.

Dated at Smethport, Feb'y 7th, 1889, and in the 112th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

W. B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Charter Application.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

TAKE NOTICE, THAT UPON THE FOURTH Monday of February, A. D. 1889, at Smethport, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, a petition will be presented to the Judges of the Court of Common Plas between the hours of 2 o'clock p. m. and 6 o'clock of the same day for the incorporation of a Union church, to be known as the Good Will Union Church, for the worship of God according to custom of all Evangelical denominations, to be erected on lands immediately west of the cemetery, and school house No. 2, in the school district of Liberty township, county of McKean, Pa.

S. L. STRANG,
ALMOND OSTRANDER, } Committee.
CALVIN PETTYER.

Assignees Notice.

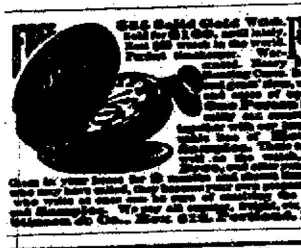
In the matter of the Assignment of Henry C. Meech, late of Liberty Township, McKean Co., Pa., for benefit of Creditors. } In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean Co. Pa. No. 451, Dec. Term, 1887

To all parties concerned: Take notice that J. T. McLaughlin, Assignee of Henry C. Meech, has filed his account of his trust as such assignee, and that the same will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas for allowance, at a session of said court to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, February 25th, A. D. 1889. And the same will then be allowed and confirmed, unless cause be shown why the same should not be so allowed and confirmed.

J. M. McELROY, Prothonotary.
HUGH P. BRAWLEY, Deputy.

J. W. BOUTON,
O. L. SNYDER,
Attorneys.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 10, 1889. 1-18-4t

HOUSE PAINTING,
PAPER HANGING,
AND DECORATING,
done in the newest and most elegant styles and at reasonable prices, by
LEONARD KOENIG.
Residence in the Walter's house, first door south of Hopkins' store,
Mechanic St., Smethport, Pa.
Feb. 19, 1889—tf.



Shorthand by Mail in 6 months Williamsport, Pa. Commercial College

F. R. FOSTER & CO.,
(Successor to E. R. McCOY.)
DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACISTS
AND DEALERS IN
WALL PAPER,
No. 24 MAIN STREET,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, and a
FULL : LINE : OF : CIGARS
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Prescriptions Accurately Compounded
NIGHT OR DAY.
Feb. 1-89.

FURNITURE
Established, 1836.
BUY OF THE MAKER
SPECIAL SALE.
For out-of-town trade we have an Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free. We pay the freight.
HERSEE & CO.,
Mammoth :-: Retail :-: Manufacturers,
247 to 255 Ellicott Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Great Reduction Sale.
Great Reduction Sale.
Great Reduction Sale.
$10,000 worth of first-class FURNITURE to be closed out at our great reduction sale.
No such chance to buy furniture has ever been offered in this section of the Country. This is not an advertising scheme, but a genuine reduction sale. We have six immense floors filled with goods (all new) to back up what we say. This establishment is the most complete in New York State. We have in stock every kind of Furniture from the commonest article used in the home to the most elegant.
100 PARLOR SUITES.
Were $100, Now $75, all kinds of coverings.
" 75, " 50, " " "
" 60, " 35, " " "
150 BEDROOM SUITES.
Were $85, Now $75, all woods.
" 85, " 65, " "
" 50, " 35, " "
100 SIDEBOARDS.
Were $100, Now $75, all woods.
" 90, " 70, " "
" 60, " 30, " "
" 40, " 25, " "
150 DINING-ROOM TABLES.
Were $75, Now $55, all woods.
" 55, " 35, " "
" 35, " 19, " "
LOOK A SPECIAL DRIVE.
An all Hardwood Bedroom Suite, Mattress, Spring Bed and Pair of Pillows for $23.50.
We offer 1000 odd chairs at one-half cost of making. Every kind of chair you can think of is in this stock. Remember this great reduction sale will not last long, come quick and secure a bargain. When you buy of us you buy of the maker.
WM. M. HERSEE. GEORGE COIT
HERSEE & CO.,
247 to 255 Ellicott Street,
Buffalo, - N. Y.
Mammoth Retail Manufacturers.
Buy of the Maker and Save Money

DRUGS
PATENT MEDICINES,
School Books, Blank Books.
STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS.
DRUGSISTS SUNDRIES,
NEWS DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT THE
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
—OF—
A. B. ARMSTRONG,
SMETHPORT, PA.

A Good Salesman Wanted.
To SELL NURSERY STOCK.
A good business guaranteed, with a good commission. Apply to
PRENTISS BROTHERS & CO.,
PRENTISSVALE, McKEAN CO., PA.

Take Notice.

MY WIFE, Adeline Bessee, having without cause left my bed and board, all persons are forbid harboring or trusting her on my account as I will pay no debts of her contracting.

CHARLES BESSEE.

Annin, January 5th, 1889. 3t.

FURNITURE!
We will sell you Furniture Cheaper (quality considered) than Bradford, Olean or Buffalo.
WE PAY THE FREIGHT
to your nearest station. We also do unkertaking and have the finest hearse in the county.
F. A. CARTER, - ELDRED, PA. 1-11-89.

Notice.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADministrators having been settled in the office of the Register, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1889:

First and final account of Albert Crandall, administrator of the estate of L. Franklin Loop, deceased.

First and final account to this date of L. H. Prosser, administrator of the estate of W. N. Corwin, deceased.

J. M. McELROY, Register.
H. M. CHOATE, Deputy.

Smethport, Pa., January 26, 1889. 4t.

Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE of William H. Martin, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of William H. Martin, late of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, deceased, have been granted to E. L. Keenan, residing in Smethport, McKean county, Pennsylvania, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

E. L. KEENAN, Administrator.

Smethport, Jan. 14, 1889.-6t.

For Sale.

TWO SIX-YEAR-OLD NEW MILCH COWS, in excellent condition and good milkers, by GEO. W. KIN[illegible]

East Smethport, Feb. 7, 1889.—3t.

ATTENTION!
Having taken the agency for the Celebrated
IVERS & POND PIANO,
of Boston, and the
STORY and CLARK ORGAN,
of Chicago, (Instruments equaled by few, and excelled by no other makes, except in prices.)
I will sell them on time and
EASY PAYMENTS,
by the month, or quarter, to suit customers.
They are warranted for five years, and if after a trial of from three to six months, they fall below the recommend, will be removed at the Company's expense, and
MONEY REFUNDED.
Liberal discounts on
CASH SALES.
A reasonable price allowed for old instruments in exchange for new.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND,
Smethport, Pa.

BROWNELL BROS
HAVE AN IMMENSE
FALL and WINTER STOCK
—OF—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS.
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.
A FULL LINE OF
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS
ETC., ETC.
OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."
Smethport, - Pa.
January 1, 1886.

BARBER SHOP
ALFRED STURDVIENT
Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do
SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING
In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.
BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

J. W. PIKE,
TONSORIAL ✦ ARTIST!
Special attention given to cutting Ladies' Bangs in all the leading styles. Ladies can feel perfectly safe in calling at my shop, as the strictest order is maintained.
Hair Tonic and Dandruff Cures for sale.
Shop one door east of Chautauqua House, Smethport, Pa. vol23no35

WAGON,
Carriage and Blacksmith Shop,
WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.
Wm. M sser, - Prop'r.
HORSESHOEING
A SPECIALTY.
The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with
Bad Feet!

P. D. HOPKINS
Successor to C. L. Douglass,
Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,
SMETHPORT, PA.
—Dealer in—
DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
Which I am prepared to sell very cheap for Cash.

GLEASON & LEMMLER
Dealers in and Manufacturers of
HARNESS
OF EVERY STYLE
AND CHARACTER
Which they will sell at the
LOWEST RATES.
They also keep a full supply of
Saddles, Blankets,
Whips, Etc.
Also a large and complete invoice of
TRUNKS & VALISES
Which they propose to sell at manufacturers' prices. Call and examine our stock and prices and become satisfied that it is a waste of time to look elsewhere for goods we sell. We are selling our goods as low as any house west of New York for quality.
GLEASON & LEMMLER.
Smethport, Pa., March 18, 1884.

SALESMEN
WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock.
Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSE PAID WEEKLY. (Apply at once stating age. (Refer to this paper.)
SNELL & HOWARD,
2m Rochester, N. Y.

T. H. PURTLE
Takes pleasure in announcing to his many friends in Smethport and vicinity that he can be found at the old stand of Kruger & Purtle's, on Water street, where he is prepared to do
HORSESHOEING
in all its branches on scientific principles. I am confident of my ability to give satisfaction in this line of business in every instance.
General -:- Blacksmithing
Done with neatness and despatch.
While soliciting a liberal share of the public patronage, my aim at all times will be to please my customers.
T. H. PURTLE.
Smethport, Pa., May 13, 1887. y1.

McKean County Miner

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you wish the address of your paper changed, give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, pay arrearages, otherwise you will continue liable if the paper is sent to you whether you take it from the office or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly let us know. We send every man's paper every week, and the trouble is with the mails when not received.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 15, 1889.

M. H. ROGERS. Local Editor.

LOCAL AND HUMOROUS.

—Court adjourned yesterday.

—Republicans, attend the caucuses.

—Valentine day was fully realized in this office.

—The good sleighing is fully appreciated just now.

—Borough and township caucuses tomorrow night.

—The Till family concert next Friday evening. If you miss it you will always regret it.

—The countenances of the plumbers and lumbermen are wreathed in smiles these days.

—The company that was booked for the Opera House next Monday evening, has "closed its season."

—L. A. Stanford, of Bradford, has just received a patent for a steam power apparatus for screwing pipes.

—A delightful progressive euchre party was given at the residence of W. D. Gallup, Esq., on Green street, Tuesday evening last.

—The McKean Miner has entered upon its 26th year and if anything is brighter and better than ever.—*Coudersport Journal.*

—Last Saturday evening a sleighload of ladies and gentlemen from Colegrove, were entertained by Miss Jennie Haskill, at her house in this borough.

—J. H. Mullin Post, No. 256, G. A. R. of Duke Centre, will hold their annual ball on the 22d of this month. A glorious time can be confidently counted on.

—Prof. Clibee who is teaching the class in dancing at the opera house, intends giving a "German," at the close of the school, just previous to the beginning of Lent.

—The McKean Miner has entered the twenty-sixth year of its age, as bright and breezy a country newspaper as can be found in America.—*Coudersport Workman.*

—A. R. Tubbs, of Farmers' Valley, will be a candidate for Justice of the Peace of Keating township, before the Republican caucus. If nominated he will make a strong candidate.

—Don't forget the Rock Band Concert, under the auspices of the Band on the 22d inst. They recently appeared in Altoona, this state, and the *Times* speaks in glowing terms of their performance.

—A few days ago we received some army reminiscences from C. D. Winship, of Annin Creek, which will be found interesting to very many of our readers. We will try and find room for them next week.

—There will be a masquerade at the roller rink to-morrow evening, and also exhibitions of fancy skating by Proprietors Sprague & Odell, Photographer Hoffman, and other experts. All who participate will have a gay time.

—We are indebted to Colonel McCamant for a copy of his report as Auditor General for the past two years. We notice that he does not report all the papers in this county which advertised the Constitutional Amendment. Why?

—Fisher Tent No. 45, K. O. T. M., of Mt. Jewett, will give their fourth annual reception at Long's Hall on Friday evening, February 22d. Supper will be furnished at the Brewer House and a good time is guaranteed to all who attend.

—Jamestown is a city of 12,000 inhabitants and is one of the greatest manufacturing towns in the country, yet a Business Man's Association has been organized there to "encourage and assist in bringing manufactories to that city."

—Early Wednesday morning last a destructive fire broke out in Austin, Potter county, destroying the opera house and billiard room, a dwelling house and blacksmith shop. It is said that a Bradford man was cremated in the flames.

—The Smethport Miner entered upon its twenty-sixth year last Week. The Miner is a good paper, and like good wine, improves with age. In the language of the bibulous Rip Van Winkle, "may it live long and prosper."—*Kane Leader.*

—Our age is the only thing that reconciles us to the unmerited praise which we are receiving in the columns of our esteemed contemporaries. Our completion of twenty-five volumes is of course the cause of the many comments, with their flattering adjuncts.

—J. H. Mullin Post, No. 256, of Duke Centre, will celebrate the 22d, the anniversary of Washington's birth, by giving their annual ball. It is expected to be an exceedingly loud occasion and the G. A. R. comrades and their wives of the entire county are expected to participate.

—Engine No. 5 on the B., B. & K., has lately been improved by a new chime whistle, which was presented some time since to her gallant little engineer, Charley Tyler, by the Extract Company. A handsome lantern was also presented at the same time to Conductor Richmond by that company.

—The celebrated Eldred township calf suit between Frank Carpenter and Patrick Layden, has come to an end. After having been tried before a justice, before arbitrators and then the county court, Frank Carpenter loses the calf and not less than two hundred dollars in money, in costs, etc.

—Capt. J. H. McQuaid, of Farmers' Valley, is a candidate for re-election as Justice of the Peace in Keating township upon the platform of non-litigation. A prominent lawyer of the County said recently, that if all the Justices of the County were like McQuaid the lawyers would starve to death.

—The McKean Miner, printed at Smethport by that most genial of gentlemen, Colonel Lucius Rogers, has passed the 25th year of its existence, hale, hearty and vigorous. Under Colonel Rogers the Miner is one of the best inland papers in the State. It always has opinions of its own, and isn't afraid to speak them out loud.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

—Carrie and Joseph Groner, twin children of Tarport, perished in flames last Monday evening at their home, on Washington street. Mrs. Groner had put her children to bed and gone out to visit a neighbor for a short time. Some moments after her departure the house mysteriously got on fire, and all efforts to rescue the children were without avail. The terrible shock prostrated the mother, who it is feared will never recover her mental vigor.

—Lon Anderson was brought to jail on Wednesday night of this week by Constable Beaver, of Annin township, for striking Henry Robinson on the head with an axe which will probably prove a fatal blow. The two men were at work at a lumber camp about 2 miles up Long brook, a tributary of Annin Creek, where they got into a wrangle over a bottle of liquor with the result as stated. Anderson is a Norwegian.

—The cast of the "Dutch Recruit," which will be presented in Kittredge opera house, in the near future, is made up of Smethport and Port Allegany talent and is a thrilling and interesting play. The production will certainly equal if not surpass any of the professional performances that appear in this town. For this reason and in consideration of the fact that the proceeds will be devoted to the monumental fund, all should go and enjoy themselves. Further particulars later.

—We are indebted to Gilbert Lyman, Esq., of Water street, for a copy of the Harrisburg *National Enquirer*, published on the 7th of February, 1844. The difference in its typographical appearance, when compared with the paper of to-day, is very slight, but in the matter of news there is little similarity, no local and very little foreign news being published. The columns are devoted almost entirely to President Tyler's administration, and the principal political events of the day. Mr. Lyman informs us that he also had in his possession at one time a copy of the Smethport *Tomahawk*, published in 1832, an organ bitterly opposed to Methodism in this locality.

—Charley Byron, of this city, was traveling through a wilderness near Alton yesterday, and wishing to reach his journey's end as soon as possible, he took a short cut through the woods. After walking up hills, through valleys, over barricades of fallen timber, for an hour and a half he came upon a man's track. He followed these for some time, when it gradually began to dawn upon him that he had been walking in a circle, and he soon became convinced that such was the case. He then began a search for the road again, and before long had his course straight. The snow in the woods is about twenty inches deep on an average and tramping on foot is extremely difficult.—*Star.*

—He, who for one moment imagines that the duties devolving upon the Sheriff of the county are light or that the incumbent is nestled in a bed of roses, is a deluded victim of envy. Although Sheriff Clarke's time does not permit of much idleness, yet he has found leisure in which to render his office in the Court House, one of the handsomest in the State of Pennsylvania, with the assistance of Deputy Sheriff Grubb and the artistic brush of V. D. Godfrey. The walls and ceiling have been beautifully frescoed, and the windows and transoms stained in artistic colorings. Articles of bric-a-brac ornament the mantel and desks, and rich rugs are spread upon the floor. The Sheriff is also a floral enthusiast, the office being a miniature horticultural hall. Among many other articles too numerous to mention, which this enchanted room contains, is the murderous looking revolver that Kimball used in killing Tomlinson and Bleich, in the famous Bradford bank robbery, of last March, and which implement of destruction he afterward turned upon himself when pursued, as the suicidal rattlesnake has done under similar circumstances.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

J. H. Snow came down from Colegrove Tuesday.

C. S. King was over from Bradford yesterday.

J. B. Phillips, of Mt. Alton, was in the borough last Friday.

J. P. Howard, of Clermont, was in Smethport last Monday.

Truman McCord, of Port Allegany, was serving as juror this week.

We noticed M. Chatfield, of Farmers' Valley, on our streets last Friday.

W. A. Wilmoth, of Eldred, was among the Miner's callers on Tuesday.

M. W. Heinlein and A. A. Stephens came up from the Valley Wednesday.

Charley Slack came up from Eldred Wednesday as a witness in the calf suit.

John Hafner, Esq., of Kasson, called on the Miner while in town last Tuesday.

The ever jovial Bob King, of Smethport, was in Ceres, Saturday.—*Courant.*

Miss Lena Wright has returned from a month's visit among relatives at Renova.

The Genial W. W. Trace, of Colegrove, was a caller at this office on Wednesday.

W. I. Bartholomew, of Hamilton township, was in attendance at court this week.

J. A. Williams and T. B. Day, of Port Allegany, were in this borough last Saturday.

Mrs. E. C. Theetge has returned from Ridgway, where she has been visiting friends.

Chas. Lemmler returned home on Monday last from a week's rustication in Buffalo and vicinity.

G. H. Graff, of Mt. Alton, a candidate for postmaster honors, was in town last Saturday.

Rev. T. W. Chandler attended the funeral of the late Rev. D. C. Huntington at Eldred last Tuesday.

J. Berry, Esq., of Derrick City, was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday. He is over as a juryman.

Messrs. G. W. Burdick and A. P. Brewer, of Norwich, called on the Miner, while in town yesterday.

E. S. McCarty, F. W. Brownell, E. B. Sprague and Ed. Davis, of this town, drove to Bradford last Sunday.

Wm. Hafner, of Crenshaw, Elk county, who is visiting at Clermont, was a caller at this office on Saturday last.

Prof. W. S Clibee came up from Olean Monday and Wednesday and instructed his class in dancing in order to complete his term before Lent.

The following young gentlemen of Port Allegany, drove to this place last Tuesday and back the same evening: Chas. Catlin, Chet Dolley, Frank McCoy, Clayton Young, George Catlin, Arch Fitch and Chet Pierce.

A sleighing party consisting of the following gentlemen, accompanied by ladies, drove to Bradford last Tuesday: Ezra Williams, J. P. Hoffman, Alfred Kidder, Chas Odell and George Morrison. The party returned about three o'clock Wednesday morning.

Court Proceedings.

O. D. Gallup vs. D. C. Gallup and Wm Evans. Verdict for plaintiff of [illegible].

Frank Pulliam, use of W. R. Archibald, vs. M. J. Smith. Verdict for plaintiff of [illegible].

Morris Herron vs. E. G. Sutherland. Verdict for plaintiff of [illegible].

Frank Carpenter vs. Patrick Laden. Verdict for defendant.

Frank M. Webster vs. Whitney & Wheeler. Plaintiff non-suited.

All other cases on the list were continued or settled.

Borough and Township Caucuses.

The Republicans of Smethport borough will meet in the room for holding elections in the Court House, on Saturday evening of this week at 7½ o'clock, for the purpose of nominating a ticket for next Tuesday's election. A general attendance is requested. By order of

B. F. WRIGHT, Committeeman.

The Republicans of the 1st district of Keating township will meet at Sowers' hotel in East Smethport on Saturday evening of this week, for the purpose of nominating a ticket in conjunction with 2d and 3d districts, to be voted for at the election to be held on Tuesday, the 19th inst. By order of A. J. BOND, Committeeman.

"The Dutch Recruit."

This intensely interesting drama of the war of the rebellion, will be played in Kittredge Opera House, under the direction of B. G. Bartle, on the evenings of February 27th and 28th. The proceeds of the first evening, outside of expenses, will be contributed towards the liquidation of the debt due on the soldiers' monument. The proceeds of the second evening will go into the relief fund of Post 347, G. A. R. It has been suggested that there be a dance after the play the second evening, and if that is decided upon it will be announced in our issue of next week. The cast of the play will be made up principally from our own citizens and will be published in full next week. The play is an excellent one and will be thoroughly enjoyed by all who witness it, and the objects for which it is produced are deserving of the hearty support of every citizen.

The Coming Event.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our many readers the coming of the Rock Band Concert Company (Till family) which appear for the first time in this county before a Smethport audience. This company has played in all the large cities of this country as well as Europe and have always been greeted with large audiences wherever they appeared. In towns the size of this it is seldom that the people have an opportunity of witnessing a first-class entertainment of any kind; therefore the Band boys, knowing that such an engagement as this would be appreciated, they secured a date with the manager of this world-renowned company. The date set for the concert is Washington's birthday, the 22d inst., on which occasion we anticipate Kittredge Opera House will be literally packed. Reserved seats are now on sale at Brownell Brother's store where all who desire may have them checked off. Quite a number of tickets have been sold to parties residing out of town, and in this connection we are authorized to say that all orders for seats received by mail will be promptly attended to by Mr. F. W. Brownell on receipt of price, 50 cents.

Death of Rev. D. C. Huntington.

On Monday morning last Rev. D. C. Huntington, pastor of the M. E. church, Eldred, passed peacefully from this life after a three week's illness with typhoid fever, aged about 29 years.

The deceased was a son of the late Rev. E. P. Huntington, of the Genesee Conference, and a nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Huntington, of Olean. He was a young man of rare gifts and ability. He was a graduate of Yale College, in the class of '87, and had taken several college prizes, one of which was won in a class of 187 competitors. Previous to his appointment to Eldred last October, Rev. Huntington had labored for one year in Olean. He was soon to have been married to an estimable young lady of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, with her mother, came on to Eldred the early part of last week when it was feared he could not recover, and remained until after the funeral.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church, Eldred, on Tuesday at 1.30 p. m., under the direction of of Rev. T. J. Bissell, Presiding Elder of this district. A large delegation of friends from Olean, besides some fifteen or eighteen neighboring Methodist preachers, were present and participated in the services.

Not in the history of that town, it was said, had there been such an imposing funer and such general sorrow. Business places were closed and the schools dismissed. Every available seat in the church was occupied, while many went away unable to gain entrance. The pulpit, altar and surroundings were heavily draped. The floral offerings were beautiful, while the music was rendered in a fine manner.

The remains were taken to Spring Mills, N. Y., for interment beside the deceased's father.

A Little History.

Eighty-two years ago this picturesque valley now so far advanced in the arts of the enlightened world, was a wilderness inhabited by the dusky savage whose haunted the dark woodlands, and whose wigwam smoke curled up into the etherial blue from the banks of the then crystal-like waters of Marvin and Potatoe creeks, as he idly dreamed in his green vale of solitude, of the happy hunting grounds in the distant gold and pink of the fading Hesperides.

We are indebted to the law firm of Hamlin & Forrest for the loan of an antique volume, containing the records of the explorations and surveys in 1809-18, of Jno. King, a brother of the grandfather of Robt. King, Esq., of this place. The volume was bound in vellum by Badham, a stationer of Church street, Deptford, England, and within the time-faded leaves we find the following record which contains no Indian romance, but is nevertheless interesting.

We are compelled for want of space to continue following extracts in our next issue:

"Running of the town lots of Smethport, etc. 24th of 8th month, 1807. Left home to go to Smethport and lodged at mouth of our creek.

"25th. Continued up the river and lodged on Potato creek.

"26. Continued, and coming on rain, we encamped near the forks of the creek. (Probably at East Smethport).

"27th. Still raining; in the afternoon went up the small branch (probably Marvin creek) and began to build a camp.

"28th. Finished the camp and moved our things up to it."

"30th. Pack horse fell into river, spilling salt and harming other provisions. We also took a bath.

D. C. YOUNG has just received from Jamestown Knitting Mills, a new lot of Ladies', Misses' and Children's, Leggins.

He is Known in DuBois.

N. Harry Knapp, a member of the DuBois ball team during the season the Mountain League flourished, and who will be remembered as one of the best players of the club, is at present an employe of the MCKEAN COUNTY MINER, at Smethport. Mr. Knapp, in a private letter to a friend in DuBois, says he has an offer to play ball next season in Texas. Should he conclude to accept the position tendered, his numerous friends in this place will wish him unbounded success during his career in the Lone Star State.—*DuBois Daily Courier.*

"MINER" MUSINGS.

BY RAMBLER.

How true are the words of a once celebrated writer: "Were it not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would fill our hearts! Were it not for the clouds that cover our landscape, how insolent would be our sunshine!" And the author might have truthfully added, were it not for our hearts that well up in sympathy for the oppressed, what forlorn beings this world would be peopled with; and were it not for God's beautiful sunshine, how the blackness of darkness would surround us.

—§—

This is an old saying that is as true as our existence: "Troubles are like babies, they only grow bigger by nursing." Running the chances of offending our good mothers, Rambler ventures the opinion that some time a little spanking might prove a soothing balm for these ills and be as effectual as that operation to the tender parts of the little ones, God bless them.

—§—

The man who can govern his temper and appear careless and unconcerned under the stings and arrows directed against him by those who envy his position in society, and who seek to destroy his influence by cowardly attacks upon his reputation, is a philosopher and as little disturbed as was John Randolph, who, once upon a time, was taking a walk, when he met a man, who walking straight on, remarked, "that he did not turn out for rascals." "I always do," quickly rejoined Randolph, and immediately stepping aside let the ruffian pass. This indifference to the maliciousness of the vile, reminds Rambler of an incident occurring in his boyhood days. An indolent fellow, whom a worthy merchant refused to give credit, smarting under the sting of refusal, said to him one day, Mr. Whitmore, everybody says you are the meanest man in the country." "Do they," replied the merchant, "well let them say it." He is a happy and contented man who can at all times manifest perfect indifference to malicious slanders.

—§—

At a convivial gathering the other day, in which Rambler was not an idle spectator, the subject of the superiority of woman over man in the guidance and direction of domestic affairs came up for discussion, when an esteemed lady of his acquaintance made use of the following illustration: Man was compared to a locomotive, and woman to the engineer. "Standing directly in front of the engine, you can mark its onward progress through the world, but you can't see the hand that guides it." Is not the idea a beautiful one, a twin sister to the saying that "the hand that rocks the cradle rocks the world." The mothers of Washington, Franklin and Lincoln guided the infant hands and moulded the intellects of the giant minds which in later years thrilled the entire world with triumphs in science on the one hand and victories over tyranny and oppression on the other. These men were the locomotives of progress; but the hand that guided them was the hand of a woman, the engineer unseen to the world, as it were, but nevertheless grasping the throttle, a slight misplacement of which would have hurled the machine to destruction. All honor to the mothers, who, with hoping hearts and steady hands, shaped the infant minds of the men who have made the world better for their achievements, and whose crown of glory is bestudded with pearls the brightest in the diadem.

—§—

Writing about women, Rambler is disposed to take up the gauntlet in their defense against the arguments put forth by a few writers of the present day, that because they are women, they are not entitled to receive for their service the same emoluments falling to the sterner sex, even though such services are fully up to the required standard. By what parity of reasoning is woman's work not equal to that of man, where the amount of labor performed is taken into consideration, we are unable to fathom. Place her in the printing office, her nimble fingers and quickness of movement equals her male companions working by her side, and pray should not she receive the same wages? Place her in the banking house, the counting room, the work-shop, the sales room, or in whatever position she may have fitted herself for, by talents and application, and if the labor performed is equivalent to that of the male sex, pay her the same amount of money. It is contrary to every principle of right and justice that woman should be denied the same privileges accorded to man, she being responsible for the proper discharge of them. Out upon such arrant nonsense. It is a disgrace to humanity, to the age in which we live. Rambler does not take up the cudgel in behalf of woman, because she is able to defend herself, and that too with much more force and argument than he can do it, but that he may be placed right upon the record and at the same time do justice to the memory of a mother who is waiting and watching for her loved ones on earth. No one but some inveterate old woman-hater who has justly been "bounced" in his youthful day, by some "lady fair, with bright blue eyes and auburn hair," will at this late day deprive woman of her rights, or some one who had the wickedness to pen the following lines:

"Women were born, so fate declares,
To smooth our linens and our cares;
And it is but just, for by my troth,
They're very apt to ruffle both."

But there are few people at present who will put forth such bosh as above quoted. One lone old bachelor however, once attempted an imitation, but conscience-smitten made amends in the last two lines of this quotation:

"Oh woman in thy hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
But, when pain and anguish wrings the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

This death-bed amendment, so to speak, will doubtless be accepted by the ladies, provided no attempt is hereafter made to commit another offence and provided also the author joins in praise of the following couplet:

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man a hermit, sighed, 'till woman smiled."

—§—

"Is marriage a failure?" This question is being propounded at the present day and discussed pro and con, until the subject has become almost threadbare, and still the arguments are not exhausted. Rambler takes the strong catholic ground that marriage is a divine institution, under the pleasure of God, and yet as given to man and woman is a civil contract, and therefore, whether marriage, so called, is a failure, depends,—and very much depends too. Where "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," are united in the bonds of matrimony, the contract sanctioned by the Almighty, and all the surroundings in harmony with each other, such a marriage is not a failure, but binding upon the parties until death steps in with his sickle and cuts the silken tie asunder. But on the contrary, when a silly, simpering, soulless Miss, is united to a brainless fop, no more use to this world than a last year's mullen stalk in a deserted sheep pasture; or when a marriage of convenience, for property alone, or any other unholy purpose, is entered into, such marriages are failures always, though surrounded with the outward appearance of God's will and pleasure. These are not intended for harsh words, but the writer believes them true, and experience on the one hand that has been a happy one, and observation on the other of ill-contracted marriages, enables him to be a proper judge.

OUR BRADFORD BUDGET.

A Breezy Letter from our Wide-Awake Representative.

BRADFORD, Feb. 14.

W. D. Hart has gone to Washington territory.

Hon W. W. Brown was in Smethport this week.

Deputy Sheriff Walter Grubb was in town Tuesday.

Hon. A. B. Armstrong, of Smethport, was in the city last week.

A young son has arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fischer on Kennedy street.

The Australian Specialty Company will hold the boards at the Wagner next Monday evening.

P. B. Bateman has commenced to rebuild his Palace Hotel, which was recently destroyed by fire.

Murray and Murphey, in "Our Irish Visitors," delighted a large audience at the Wagner Opera House last Friday evening.

The Progressive Euchre Club of Custer City, surprised John P. Zane at his home on Congress street last Saturday evening.

The Misses Nora and Lisa Dempsey entertained the members of the —— club at their home on Petrolia street last Friday evening.

The Ivy Club held forth at the residence of J. E. Haskell on Congress street last Friday evening. Twenty couples were present.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. gave a chicken-pie supper at their hall on the Public Square last Tuesday evening. A good sized crowd was in attendance.

William Gillett's great play, "Held by the Enemy," was presented to a large crowd at the Wagner Opera House last Tuesday evening. It was first-class.

A cock fight between Bradford chickens took place near the B., R. & P. shops last Saturday evening. It was a tame affair as there was but little money put up.

The Pompelon Club met as usual in Pompelon Hall last Friday evening. Stewart M. Decker made his first appearance at the club and inaugurated the debate upon "Antagonism to the Public School System."

Considerable excitement was experienced among the would-be candidates when it was rumored on our streets last week that Mayor Dempsey would hold his office for two years more. However, the rumor amounted to nothing.

An oil refinery belonging to L. Emery and situated near Fisher's dam, between this city and Tarport caught fire last Monday afternoon and was burned. The loss is about $4,000. The fire was caused by a man-hole falling off the side of a still, which contained about 125 barrels of oil, and letting it run down into the furnaces. Charles Barr, an employe, came very near being burned to death.

Last Friday afternoon while William Gunshaw and Madison Nugent, employes at Kennedy & Miller's lumber mill, were jacking logs a log 14 inches in thickness rolled onto them. Nugent died of his injuries Monday at 2.45 a. m. He was hurt in the back and spine. Gunshaw will probably have to lose his left leg. Nugent leaves a wife and a married daughter. His remains were taken to Tidioute for burial.

Following are the delegates from this vicinity who participated in the G. A. R. encampment and W. R. C. convention which was held in Erie this week: Bradford—E. R. Sherman, Sheldon Jewett and J. K. Wallace; State Line—Charles Hatch: Duke Centre—J. E. Baldwin and J. V. Brown; Mesdames E. R. Sherman, M. A. Wallace, J. F. Hubbard, W. B. Chapman, H. S. Karns, E. W. Gates, H. S. King and Nellie Clough.

Pitt O. Heasley died of typhoid-malaria fever last Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock at his residence on Congress street. Mr. Heasley had been a resident of this city about eight months and came here from Eldred, where he was employed as cashier of the Eldred Bank. He was nearly 30 years of age and leaves a wife and a host of friends to mourn his loss. He was a member of Trinity Commandery No. 58, K. T., Bradford Council No. 43, R. and S. M., Bradford Chapter No. 260, R. A. M., Eldred Lodge No. 560, F. and A. M., and Syria Temple A. A. O. N. M. S., of Pittsburgh. The funeral services were held at his late residence on Tuesday afternoon and the remains were taken to Emlenton, Pa., for interment.

Monday evening, about 8 o'clock Mrs. Joseph Groner, of Tarport, went to call on a neighbor, leaving her twin children —William and Caroline aged 2 years and nine months—with another son, Jacob, aged 18 years. She had hardly left the house when this youngster did the same, leaving the twins alone. A short time afterwards the house was discovered in flames and despite all the efforts that were made to check them it was burned to the ground. At first it was not known that the children were within and when this was discovered the efforts of the firemen were redoubled but all to no purpose. After the flames had been subdued the horribly burned remains of the poor little things were found among the ruins. Mrs. Groner when she heard of the fire, went into convulsions and as yet has not been told that her two little ones perished in the flames, as it is thought she could not survive the shock. Mr. Groner was in Erie county drilling a well and a messenger was immediately sent for him as he could not be reached by telegraph.

C. O. B.

JUST received a car load of fresh Marble-head lime. For sale by A. Reilly.—9.

BEST Buckwheat Flour at D. C. Young's, only 60 cents a sack.

KANE TALK.

How is this for an open winter?

All the ice gatherers are busy and smiling.

J. T. Griffith went to Harrisburg on Monday evening.

Wm. Fitzpatrick is attending court as juryman this week.

Geo. Griffith and Frank Deitz started for Smethport Monday.

Commissioner McKean and wife attended the funeral of Miss Hubbard.

Wm. Hall, a baker who had been in the employ of A. B. Thomas, of Kane, was frozen to death near Rolfe, Elk Co., last week.

A special train of twelve coaches passed Kane on Monday filled with Grand Army boys, on their way to Erie. They were joined here by Comrades Ryan and Looker and their families.

Miss Mary, sister of our esteemed townsman, Wm. Hubbard, was found dead in her bed on Sunday morning. She had been in poor health for some time. She has resided in Kane 24 years. Being a very estimable lady, she was loved and respected by all who knew her. The funeral which was held on Tuesday at 10 o'clock, was a large one. Rev. Arney of the First Presbyterian Church of Kane preached the funeral sermon.

The Democrats of Kane borough have nominated the following ticket: Burgess, E. H. Long; Council, J. A. Volmer, J. T. Campbell, J. D. Broeder; School Directors, P. J. Dailey, R. M. Smith, E. J. Miller; Constable, Wm. Fitzpatrick; High Constable, Jas. Hyde. The republicans will hold their caucus on Wednesday, the 13th, and a strong ticket will be nominated and elected—unless we are fooled; same as the old ground hog as served all of us.

Mr. Roseland preached his first sermon in the M. E. church on Monday evening. He is an earnest and pleasant speaker, and showed rare culture in portraying to his hearers, that it is a fearfully hazardous thing for any one to continue to resist the influence of the spirit of God, and put off the day of salvation, showing clearly that every time you say no to the spirit of God you take terrible chances that the spirit will cease forever to strive, and leave you to the fearful consequences of your rebellion.

HONEST RUBE.

NICE, large potatoes, free from worm holes, at D. C. Young's.

YOUNG FOLK'S DEPARTMENT.

NOTE:—All communications intended for this department should be addressed to

MRS. MARY A. WALLACE,
BRADFORD, PA.

CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

"Can," (we hope we have the name right) is a new contributor.

Ivy and A. D. M. sent replies which came too late for mention last week.

"Can" wants Maggie A. to tell him why the Presidential election always comes on leap year.

Our queries were not very hard ones or else our "gleaners" and "searchers" were most diligent in their researches as four of them have each answered the same number (27) correctly. These are "Ivy," A. D. M., "Gem" and Fanny B. Morrison, who are equally entitled to the prizes offered in the MINER in December. That there may be no misunderstanding we call your attention once more to the fact that Gem was entitled to a credit of three more correct answers than were given her in the MINER.

HISTORICAL.

"Santa Fe" is a Spanish word signifying "holy faith."

The Sargasso Sea is a name especially given to a large tract of water many hundred miles in extent in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, and west of the Canary and Cape Verd islands. It is usually calm and is covered with floating sea-weed — *sargassum bacciferum* — from which it derives its name. This vast ocean meadow is avoided by navigators. Columbus sailed across it and imagined he was near land, owing to such evidence of vegetation.

It is said of Daniel Webster, that he cried when first called on to speak in a school.

Every year divisible by four is a leap year except the centennial year, which must be divisible by 400. The solar year is exactly 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.7 seconds; therefore in adding a day every four years we lose 44 minutes, 41.2 seconds. In 100 years we lose 18 hours, 20 minutes, 5.5 seconds. So in the 100th year we have lost nearly a day and it is called a day lost, and it is a common year, but it lacks nearly six hours of losing a day every 100 years. In 400 years it will have gained that day back. Therefore the year 1600 was a leap year; 1700, 1800 and 1900 are common years, and 2000 will be leap year.

February, named for Februus, an old Italian divinity whose feast (februare—to purify) was kept that month, had originally 27 days every year instead of leap year as now. But when the Roman Senate decreed that the eighth month should bear the name of Augustus, a day was taken from February and given to August, which then had only 30 days, that it might not be inferior to July, the seventh month, named for Julius Cæsar. So you see that even in the arranging of the months of the year, politics has had something to do.

LESSON XIV.

What is the motto of Virginia and what does it mean? MARY L. HOLMES.

Who surrendered the British army and where was Cornwallis? MAGGIE A.

Who invented the art of printing—and when?

Who invented the sewing machine and when?

BIBLE STUDY.

There were no flies in the land of Goshen.

The prophecy of Jeremiah 13:22 has been frequently applied to Jeff. Davis, who tried to escape capture in a woman's disguise. "For the greatness of thine iniquity are thy steps discovered and thy heels made bare."

LESSON XIV.

1] Who ate the roll of a book?

2] How long did Noah live after the flood?

3] Who was eaten by dogs?

4] Which of the prophets was called from the plow, and with how many oxen was he plowing?

5] What verse in the bible contains all the letters of the alphabet except "j." MARY L. HOLMES.

Demetrius, a silversmith, stirred up a riot against Paul at Ephesus.—Acts 19: 24.

Mary L. Holmes writes: "I can send answers to some of the conundrums and additions this time but I would rather be looking up the other questions. I hope the puzzles and conundrums wont crowd out the useful things. I think Chestnut Burr must be older than I am and I will send her a "nut to crack" with my questions: "What is the shape of a kiss?"

Fanny B. Morrison found answers to two of Chestnut Burr's conundrums.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

1] A dumb man cannot crack a joke.

2] Bread is like an umbrella when it is raised.

3] The hardest lock to pick is wedlock.

4] A sick Jew is like a diamond, because he is a Jew-ill (jewel).

ADDITIONS.

1] Kidnap.
2] Batfowling.
3] Fortune-hunter.

HIDDEN ARTICLES OF FOOD.

It does not yet appear what we shall be.

I do not know how heat can make the difference.

Your question cannot be answered.

He told me all he knew.

HIDDEN TOWNS.

He could neither ride nor walk the distance. The rivers are daily washing tons of sand from their beds.

SPARKS.

A little Sunday school girl, who was singing the harvest song about "Sowing and Reaping," sang it "Sewing and Ripping."

Jeweler: "Does your watch run steady?" Man: "Well, as steady as anything can be expected to go that goes with a spring."

A teacher asked a class to write an essay on the "Result of Laziness," and one of the bright but lazy boys in the class handed in as his composition a blank sheet of paper.

An Appreciated Gift.

The Woman's Relief Corps of McKean county recently contributed to the purchase of a large bible for Post No. 25, Norfork, Va. Upon receipt of the gift, Richard P. Wheeler, formerly of the 62d N. Y. Vols., past Adjutant of the Post and recently elected Commander of the Department of Virginia, addressed a letter to Mrs. M. A. Wallace, of Bradford, by whom the bible was purchased and forwarded to this southern Post, the following of which is a copy:

"I recently received by the Adams Express Company, a splendid bible, the generous gift of the Woman's Relief Corps of McKean county, Department of Pennsylvania, to Warden Post, No. 25, of this city. At the regular meeting of the Post recently, the book of Holy Words, together with your accompanying letter was duly presented to the Post through its Commander, by your humble servant, and on motion the Adjutant was instructed to convey the heartfelt thanks of the comrades of the Post individually and collectively to the noble women of the Relief Corps of McKean county, Pa., for their beautiful gift. This bible of Divine law, when resting on the altar in our encampment room, will ever be a reminder that we, struggling comrades in the south, are not forgotten by our sisters and comrades of the north, who have sent us 'glad tidings of great joy,' in the words of Holy Writ. Please accept for yourself and sisters who labor in the cause of charity and fraternity the grateful thanks of this Department, of which I now have the honor to command, a body of men whose hearts are overflowing with gratitude, kindness and affection for those women of the W. R. C. who are endeavoring to relieve the distress of the soldiers, sailors and marines and to soothe the pathway through life of the widows and orphans of those who fell in the defense of their country.

I remain with great respect, yours in F. C. and L.,

RICHARD P. WHEELER,
Department Commander, G. A. R.
NORFORK, VA.

Still in Business.

ED. MINER:—I wish to inform the public that the report that I have quit dress-making is untrue. I can be found at my rooms over the MINER office, and will do my best to please all who give me their patronage.

MRS. M. O. CAMPBELL.

Smethport, Feby. 5th, 1889.

The Young Elocutionist.

Mr. J. G. Stevens, the young impersonator, humorist and elocutionist, a rival of Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley, will give one of his entertainments at Kittredge Opera House on Saturday evening, 16th inst. He has produced a great sensation wherever he has appeared. The Hornellsville *Daily Times* of January 15th says: "Mr. Stevens has not the world wide reputation of Bill Nye or James Whitcomb Riley, but he gave an entertainment fully as fine as did those more famous men." The Corning *Journal* of January 15th, says: "He is an artist, and will always be welcomed in Corning. Success to the 'Boy Orator.'" The Alfred *University* of January 18th says: "He is a master of his profession. His noble face, flexible voice, perfect command of gesture, and exquisite taste, all tend to make his entertainments first-class in every particular." Admission, 25 cents; children 15 cents.

The Finest in the Market.

The Niagara Natural Gas Argand Burner is the finest burner in the market for natural gas—equal to 100 candle power. It uses a No. 2 Rochester chimney and can be attached to any bracket or chandelier. Can also be used with a 10 inch shade or a 5 inch globe. Price with chimney, $1.25. Shades, globes and holders extra, according to quality and decoration. If your dealer does not keep these burners, send direct to us.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
Sole Wholesale Agents.
Bradford, Pa., Nov. 23, 1888. tf

No Quackery in This.

Having secured the agency of the celebrated Sizerville magnetic mineral water, I am now prepared to handle it in large or small quantities. It has been thoroughly demonstrated that it is a sure cure for all rheumatic pains and kidney diseases, besides being one of the greatest apetizers and bowel regulators known. It has also cured some of the worst cases of paralysis on record.

Orders left at the Grand Central Hotel, Smethport, will be promptly attended to

F. N. TAYLOR.

Smethport, Dec. 3, 1888.

CASH bargains in every department at D. C. Young's. Prices reduced to make room for new spring stock.

ANNIN CREEK.

Chicken-pox and mumps are raging on Annin Creek.

Sleighing has at last come and lumbermen are happy.

Sylvester Evans, of Norwich, was seen on our streets yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Coon, of Friendship, N. Y., spent Sunday with friends at this place.

We understand that a series of meetings will be held at this place by Mr. Moody, of Moody Hollow.

James Wood recently lost a very valuable horse. While drawing logs it dropped dead in the harness.

We are very glad to hear that our friends and neighbors who have been so dangerously ill are slowly recovering.

Will Buckley, who has been spending some time with friends at this place, has returned to his home in Canisteo, N. Y.

Miss Lizzie Alexander, of Scio, N. Y., is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Mary June, who has been dangerously ill.

A sleigh load of young people of Coryville attended quarterly meeting at this place last Sunday. We were glad indeed to see them.

Owing to sickness our school has been closed for some time, but we are informed that it will begin again next Monday, providing the teacher is able. We are very anxious that she shall finish the term.

W. F. Tubbs, while riding up the valley of the Two mile, met a team drawing logs, and in turning out his horse became frightened, and, when opposite the load of logs, jumped, throwing him out of the cutter against the logs, hurting him quite badly.

D. H.

The Handsomest Lady in Smethport

Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free Large size 50c and $1.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MONEY IS SCARCE!

SO IS SNOW.

NO SNOW, NO MONEY!

at any rate not so much of it. We mean to help make your money go further than ever before. Read our prices and compare them with your last bill.

16 lbs. New Turkish Prunes,	$1.00
Maxwell Table Peaches,	16 cents a can
New York State Corn,	10 "
Delaware Tomatoes	10 "
50 Pails Prime Fine Cut, by pail	30 "
Fresh Eggs	20 " a doz.
Crackers, Oyster, Milk and Soda,	8 c. lb. by bbl.
8 lbs. Granulated Sugar and 1 lb. Best Japan Tea	$1.00
10 lbs Ex. C Sugar and 1 lb Best Japan Tea	1.00
Spear Head and Climax Tocacco, by butt	40 c. lb.
Pork	9 c. lb.
Ham	12 "
Finest Patent Flour	$7.50
Our Snow Flake	6.50
Our Straight Family Flour	6.00

Hay, Feed, Oats, Meal, Bran, Corn and Middlings, by 100 lbs or car load at bottom prices.

ALL : GOODS : DELIVERED : FREE : OF : CHARGE!

We warrant every article we quote. These prices are for very best goods in the market. Remember, our canned goods are all Northern Brand, not the cheap southern goods that the market is glutted with. Try our flour, which is 50 cents a barrel under the market. Every barrel warranted.

STICKNEY, BELL & CO.,

EAST SMETHPORT.

LEONARD & BLAIR,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

CROCKERY, GLASS and STONEWARE HOUSE.

The finest, cheapest and best line of Chinaware, Glassware, Table Furnishing, Table Cutlery, Silverware and Bric-a-Brac in the city. Stock large, new, well-selected and cheap.

GAS FITTINGS AND FIXTURES

of all kinds a specialty. Of these we have as fine a variety as can be found in any city stock.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

No. 66 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

THE SPRING MEDICINE YOU WANT

Paine's Celery Compound

Purifies the Blood,
Strengthens the Nerves,
Stimulates the Liver,
Regulates the Kidneys and Bowels,
Gives Life and Vigor to every organ.

There's nothing like it.

"Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I procured some of Paine's Celery Compound. The use of two bottles made me feel like a new man. As a general tonic and spring medicine, I do not know its equal." W. L. Greenleaf, Brigadier General V. N. G., Burlington, Vt.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. At Druggists.

Use It Now!

"Having used your Paine's Celery Compound this spring, I can safely recommend it as the most powerful and at the same time most gentle regulator. It is a splendid nerve tonic, and since taking it I have felt like a new man." H. E. Knoos, Watertown, Dakota.

Wells, Richardson & Co. Props. Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES [illegible] | LACTATED FOOD [illegible]

ATTENTION!

wish to say a few words to my friends and customers. After many years of pleasant dealings with the people of Smethport and vicinity, I deem it my duty to inform them that I am at all times prepared to

MEET :o: COMPETITION

in a business way and on

BUSINESS : PRINCIPLES!

I have in many ways improved my business and am constantly

ADDING TO MY STOCK

so as to make it the leading and reliable Clothing and

Merchant Tailoring Establishment

——OF McKEAN COUNTY.——

I can be found in my store and at all times pleased to see my old and new customers, where they may rely on

FAIR AND HONEST DEALING.

All I want is a call, and I will convince you it is to your interest to deal with

RELITBLE : MERCHANTS

and not with temporary dealers, or dealers who start in business for a few days, trying to make the public believe they are here to stay, and can save your money by buying of them. It is not so, for I can assure each and every one of my customers, and I can prove to them that I have the

LARGEST STOCK

and the FINEST GOODS and the

LOWEST PRICES

in town. All I want is a call and I will convince you

WHAT I SAY IS TRUE

and not simply a trap to get you to buy. Soliciting a call, I am yours truly,

H. W. RUBIN,

The Reliable Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Smethport, Pa.

THOMPSON & WOOD

E. K. Thompson, Esq., Titusville, Pa.

Dear Sir:—I wish to express to you my perfect satisfaction, as practitioner of medicine, with your Sweet Worm Powder, as a remedy for Worms in children and adults. I have used it in over one hundred cases where children were troubled with bad breath, fretful, picking at the nose and other symptoms peculiar to children troubled with worms and have not known it in a single case to prove a failure. I have found it perfectly safe to use, pleasant to take, and quick in its affect on worms. In my opinion, no house where there are children should be without it, as its timely use will save many a long and dangerous sickness.

Yours truly,
J. W. Tainter, M. D.
Conneautville, April, 1883.

WHOLESALE
—AND—
RETAIL DRUGGISTS.

Drugs,
Paints, Oils,
Glass and Putty.

We always keep a full line of everything pertaining to a First-Class Drug Store.

Mail Orders Solicited! and carefully filled.

A full line of Artists' Goods always in stock.

We always have something pretty for HOLIDAY, BIRTHDAY & WEDDING PRESENTS.

19 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

More Than Happy.

Mr. E. K. Thompson:—Dear Sir:—In 1877, also in 1881, I was prostrated with gravel in the bladder. I suffered the most excruciating pain in passing the same. During the latter part of 1881 I was persuaded to try Barosma. After taking it three days I found a sediment to the amount of a teaspoonful or more in my urine. Since then I have taken about one bottle in every three months and am happy (yes more than happy) to say I am cured for I honestly believe I should have been dead long before this had it not been for your Barosma. And I take great pleasure in recommending it to all who are afflicted with Liver or Kidney disease.

Truly,
Loren Flint.
Little Cooley, Pa., March 22, 1887.

No. 19 Main St. - Bradford, Pa.

INSURANCE.

SMETHPORT HOME AGENCY,

HASKILL & BURDICK.

We represent the following

Old and Reliable Companies:

Insurance Co. of North America, Philadelphia, the oldest Insurance Co. in the world. Assets,	$8,436,591
Pennsylvania Fire,	2,890,867
Franklin	3,181,248
Royal, Liverpool	4,845,195
Fire Insurance Association of London (U. S. Branch)	893,445
Sun, Fire, London	1,848,610
Hanover, New York	2,479,654

Do not obtain Insurance in another State as long as you can get insured at home in as reliable companies as the above.

HASKILL & BURDICK,
Bank Building, Main Street, - Smethport, Pa.

MISS TINSEL.

By HENRY SEDLEY

CHAPTER I.

A GOLD DIGGING RECLUSE.

On a knoll, not far from a running stream, was pitched a rough canvas tent. It was of the "wall" sort, and was pegged to the ground with strong fastenings. Inside were a hammock, a rough table, two or three stools, and some boxes and barrels. There were likewise a gridiron, a "spider," an iron kettle, some tin dishes and cups, and a pair of candlesticks of the same material. Outside there was a trench dug, by way of drainage, so that the floor within was kept hard and dry; but the floor was of earth merely. There was not a flower, or a picture, or the least attempt at ornament whatever within the tent. Hence the interior looked bare, sordid and forbidding. And yet, grim as it was, the tent had been the solitary abode of its occupant for many months. In the midst of gold, in quantity outstripping the wildest dreams of his boyhood, this man had chosen to be a miser. In the midst of a society whose reckless joviality and wild profusion were perhaps without precedent, he had chosen to be a recluse. For this self indulgence he had to pay a price. But he consoled himself, remembering that a price has to be paid for everything.

Chester Harding came to Bullion Flat about a year before. He had no friends and no money. The former he could do without, he thought, but the latter was indispensable. So he got work on the Flat, turning the spade and plying a rocker for $5 a day. Such work was then better paid as a rule, but Harding, though diligent and strong, was not used to toil, and hence was awkward and comparatively inefficient. He improved with practice and strove doggedly on, never losing a day, saving every penny, spending nothing for drink or good fellowship, courting no man's smile, and indifferent to all men's frowns. He was savagely bent on achieving independence, and in no long time, after a fashion, he got it. Independence, in this sense, consisted in a share of a paying claim, and in the whole of a "wall" tent. In the former, he dug and washed, morosely enough, with five or six partners; but he made up for his forced and distasteful social attrition by living in his tent alone.

Harding was a man getting toward middle life, strongly built, but not tall, with a grave, handsome face, and speech studiously reserved and cold. He seemed to fear lest he might be thought educated, and, as if to disarm such a suspicion, his few words were apt to be abrupt and homely. When he first came to the Flat he had two leathern trunks, and these in due time were bestowed in the tent on the knoll. One Sunday Harding opened them. The first contained some respectable garments, such as might belong to the ordinary wardrobe of a gentleman. There were white shirts among the rest, and some pairs of kid gloves. Of all these articles Harding made a pile in the rear of his tent and then deliberately set them on fire. "I couldn't afford it before," he muttered. "They might have bought a meal or two if need were; but now"—— To be rich enough to gratify a caprice was clearly very agreeable to the man; for presently he brought out a number of books—old favorites obviously—and treated them in the same incendiary manner. The Shakespeare and the Milton, the Macaulay and the Buckle spluttered and crackled reproachfully in the flames; yet their destroyer never winced, but added to the holocaust heaps of letters, and at last two or three miniatures saved for the fire as a final tidbit, and gazed with grim joy as the whole crumbled in the end to powdery ashes. Chester Harding reserved nothing but one little volume, bound in velvet with gilt clasps, and one faded old daguerreotype, which he replaced in his trunk side by side, and then covered quickly so that they should be out of sight. It seemed to be his wish to hide and to forget every trace of his past life.

That life had been a hard and bitter one. From his earliest childhood Harding had been a victim of the weakness and cruelty of others. A miserable home, made a hell by drink and contention, was at last broken up in ruin, and the young man went forth into the world to meet coldness and injustice at every turn. Suspicion and selfishness are among the almost certain fruits of an experience like this, and the world is naturally more ready to condemn such fruits than to find excuses for them. When Harding found himself unpopular and distrusted he as naturally shaped his conduct so as to justify its condemnation. Surrounded from the beginning of his life by bad influences, and by those almost exclusively, he found little to soften his harsh judgment of men or to mitigate his resentment of their ill treatment. In time he fell in with one who with greater strength and higher wisdom might perhaps have led him up to nobler views and a loftier destiny. For he loved her deeply and without reservation. But her charms of person found no counterparts in her mind or heart, and Harding was cheated and betrayed. To escape old thoughts and associations, and to mend if possible broken fortunes, he sought the land of gold. He had heard that men were more generous there than elsewhere, less cunning, tricky and censorious. Perhaps even he might find average acceptance among new scenes and among a new people.

But on the day he landed at San Francisco Harding was robbed by a fellow traveler, whom he had befriended, of the last penny he had in the world. The man had shared his stateroom on board the steamer, and knew that he had a draft on the agent of the Rothschilds. When Harding cashed his draft he took the proceeds, in gold coin, to his hotel. That night he was visited by his shipmate, who contrived to steal the belt containing this little fortune, and to escape with it to the mines. Next morning Harding sought a near relative, an older man of known wealth, his sole acquaintance on the Pacific coast.

"I've come to you," he said, after receiving a somewhat icy greeting, "to ask you to help me. A serious misfortune has overtaken me, and"——

"If it's money you want," interrupted the other brusquely, "I've got none!"

This was not the usual fashion of the pioneers. Happily most of them were made of sweeter and kindlier stuff. But the fates had woven out poor Harding's earlier fortune, and it was all destined to be of the same harsh, pitiless web. He bowed his head when these words were said to him, and with the kind of smile angels must most hate to see on the faces of those so near and so little below them, he went forth in silence. Next morning he pawned his watch and made his way up into the mines.

"He's cracked; that's what he is," decided Jack Storm. Since the great find of gold at Bullion Flat there had been a great rush thither from the immediate neighborhood, and among the rest quite a deputation arrived from Boone's Bar. Jack was as great a dandy as ever, and still wore his gaudy Mexican jacket, with its silver bell buttons, his flapping trousers to match, and his gigantic and carefully nourished mustache.

"Cracked!" repeated Mr. Copperas suavely. "Not he. He takes too good care of his money for that. No, boys, that ain't the trouble. He's been 'chasing the eagle' in times past; the bird has been too many for him, and now he's playing to get even."

"Stuff!" gurgled Judge Carboy, unwilling to part by expectoration with even the smallest product of his favorite quid. "He's done suthin' he's ashamed of. No trifle like that, Cop. He's proberly committed a murder out east. Bime by we'll hear all about it."

Jack Storm shook his head. "He's worked side by side with me for nigh a year, and he wouldn't hurt a fly. Besides, it is his turn next week to go to 'Frisco for stores."

"What's that to do with it?" queried Mr. Copperas.

"A durned sight," returned the other. "Ain't they after these cusses with a sharp stick who've got in hot water at home? And ain't goin' to 'Frisco for such chaps jes' like walkin' into the lion's mouth? Why, there's honest miners—and them as ain't honest miners, Cop—who'd a leetle rather not go down to the Bay jes' now, even among the quiet folks over at Boone's Bar."

Mr. Copperas coughed uneasily. "So Harding's going down, is he?" he inquired. "Right off?"

"Sartin. You'd better take a trip and

(Continued Next Week.)

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

Just published, a new edition of

Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay

on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHŒA or incapacity induced by excess or early indiscretion.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of early error may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,

Sample of medicine free.

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y. Post Office Box 450.
Feb. 1-89-1y.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

Remarkable as a flesh producer. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.

The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

W. T. CALLAR,

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs : and : Medicines,

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes,

Stationery, Toilet Articles, Etc.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

BRICK DRUG STORE,
MAIN STREET, - - - SMETHPORT, PA
v18n33tf.

BUSH & McINTOSH,

Manufacturers of

Door & Window Frames
Flooring, Siding,
Ceiling, Etc.

Sash and Blinds Furnished to Order.

CUSTOM PLANING

done on short notice.

Also manufacturers of

LEVER HANDLES, WHIFFLETREES, NECK-YOKES, AND ALL KINDS OF TURNED WORK.

Saws Gummed to order

Shop opposite W. N. Y. & P. depot.

East : Smethport.

v20n24yl.

M. A. SPRAGUE'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Opposite the Grand Central,

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware
House Furnishing Goods
SILVERWARE,
Cutlery, Lamps,
Glass, Lead, Oils, Paints, Putty,
Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools,

In fact everything usually kept in a First Class Hardware Store. The Closest buyers and best judges of what they buy concede the fact that more goods of same quality can be bought for less money at the above store than any other place in the Country.

A COMPETENT TINNER

Always on hand ready to do work on short notice.

DRESSMAKING

Mrs. Campbell

Rooms over the Miner Office,

SMETHPORT, PA.

November 12, 1885.-tf.

CURRY UNIVERSITY,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Over 1200 Students last year.

Classical; Scientific; Ladies' Seminary; Normal; Penmanship; Music and Elocution Departments.

CURRY BUSINESS COLLEGE and CURRY SCHOOL OF SHORT-HAND

are separate schools, each having its own complete Faculty, providing the most thorough practical drill in the line chosen.

Send for Catalogue of the Department you desire to enter.

JAMES CLARK WILLIAMS, A. M., Prest.

NEW YORK'S NEW MARKET.

It Cost Over a Million, and Is One of the Finest in the World.

Gansevoort market, or, as it is also called, the new West Washington market, which was recently dedicated with imposing ceremonies and opened for business in New York city, is one of the finest markets in America, if not in the world. The large plot, extending from West street to Eleventh avenue and from Gansevoort street north to Bloomfield, is now covered by ten substantial and handsome market buildings, each 50 by 175 feet, with alleys between and a common frontage in a main gangway. The whole is beautifully lighted by electricity, there is a uniform pavement of granite blocks, and the guttering and sewers are arranged to secure perfect cleanliness. The value of the ground was $375,000. The buildings, drainage, etc., cost $500,000, and the fitting up of the 440 stalls $300 each—so the total cost of the market is set at $1,005,000. Such fancy rates do Gothamites have to pay for a really first class market place.

But it is well worth the cost, as it will, it is claimed, insure cleanliness and convenience at the lowest practicable expense. The buildings are two stories in height, of pressed brick of a light brown color, with terra cotta finish. Heavy iron pillars of dark green support the front, and iron screen shutters painted maroon protect each of the 440 stalls—all these on the ground floor, but high enough to be considered really a story and a half. The second floor is largely for offices, but contains rooms for other purposes; it is finished in Georgia pine. Each stall below is 9x25 feet, stoutly framed and well supplied with hooks; and each dealer there can, if so desired, have an office directly above, reached by a spiral staircase. And for all this space the city charges him but $7 per week. It is estimated that fifteen beeves can be hanged in each stall, or a corresponding amount of poultry, mutton or other meat.

A STREET IN THE NEW MARKET.

There will be two restaurants in the market, where the epicure whose tastes run towards dining in a market (and a good many are that way) can have meat of his own selection cooked "right off the hooks." The arrangements for storage, ventilation and refrigeration are first class, and New York rejoices greatly in her new market, as it has long been an admitted fact that the city was not up to the standard in that line.

The United States Treasury.

The United States treasury is a great concern. No wonder its head is a busy man. He prepares plans for the improvement of the revenue and for the support of the public credit, superintends the collection of the revenue and prescribes the form of keeping all public accounts, grants warrants for all money drawn from the treasury and annually submits to congress estimates of the probable revenues and disbursements of the government. He also controls the construction of public buildings, the coinage and printing of money, the collection of statistics, the coast and geodetic survey, life saving, lighthouse, revenue cutter, steamboat inspection and marine hospital branches of the public service.

There are some interesting relics of the old days in this room. On the wall is Alexander Hamilton's tariff. It reads: "Duties payable on goods imported into the United States. Act of congress, July 4, 1789." Only 115 articles are mentioned, not a very formidable tariff list in comparison with the present schedule, which cannot be read to the senate or house in less than half a day. Here are some of the items from Alexander Hamilton's tariff: "Boots, per pair, 50 cents. Clothing, ready made, 7½ per cent. Playing cards, per pack, 10 cents." (Mr. Hamilton was obviously eager to collect the tax on playing cards, for he has them twice in his list.) "Sugars, brown, per pound, 1 cent; loaf, 3 cents; all others, 1½ cents. Teas, Bohea, 6 cents per pound; Souchong or other black, 10 cents per pound; all Hyson, 20 cents; all other green, 12. Coffee 2½ cents per pound."

On one corner of this tariff sheet is printed the following, apparently instructions to collectors concerning counterfeit coins:

GOLD BASE PLUGS.

NS WB IM IW BG WG
IC IK WW DM IDM IA AD

N. B.—Some doubloons stamped Myers and some Burget are not good.

A very simple method of collecting the revenue our great great grandfathers had in the year 1789.—Washington Letter.

A City in Korea.

What a wonderful city is Seoul! Its 300,000 people are made up of strange characters, and my eyes have been bobbing about like the rays in a kaleidoscope in my efforts to appreciate it all. Everything is new, and everything new is strange. The big wall which surrounds the city is a wonder, and its three great gates are more wonderful still. They are closed every night at sunset with iron plated doors, and after this time none outside the city can get in, nor can any inside the city get out. As the sun falls behind the mountains which surround the capital a band of soldiers playing music, which sound for all the world like a Scotchman's bag pipes, goes from gate to gate and bars them shut. At the same time watch fires spring up upon the hills in every direction, and from these the king knows that all is well. These watch fires are signals, and they form a part of a continuous line of fires which are built upon the hills in all parts of Korea. They tell by their different flames and their intensity whether all is well along the coasts of the east and west and in the mountains to the north and south. They are, it seemed to me, royalty's farewell word from the day, and they really meant that the country was quiet and the capital might sleep in peace.—Frank G. Carpenter.

Helping the Poor.

For generations a certain Japanese family had a box into which they put percentages. Said one of them: "If I want to buy a garment that costs $1 I buy it for 80 cents; or give a feast that would cost $5 I give it for $4; or to build a house for $100 I build it for $80, and put the balances in a box. At the end of the year we meet, open the boxes and give the contents to the poor. It costs us some self denial, but we are always prosperous and happy." They call this worshiping "The Great Bright God of Self Restraint."—Lewiston Journal.

All Kinds of Job Work Done at this Office.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Some Foolish People.

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Which Was It? Bacon or Shakespeare.

The authorship of the dramatic productions tributed to the last of the above named is agitating literary circles to the very centre but affects the practical masses far less than the momentous question, how to regain or preserve health, that essential of bodily and mental activity, business." We can throw far more light on this latter subject than the most profound Shakespearian can on the question first propounded. If the system is depleted, the nerves shaky; if indigestion or constipation bothers one at times, or constantly; if the skin is yellow and tongue furred as in billiousness; if there are premonitory twinges of oncoming rheumatism or neuralgia; if the kidneys are inactive—use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest recuperant of an age prolific in beneficial and successful remedies. Remember, if malaria threatens or afflicts, that it neutralizes the poison and fortifies the system.

dec7,'88 6m

Testimonials.

Henry Bishop and wife of East Valley say that they had been suffering from liver and kidney difficulties a long time, but after using 3 or 4, packages of the vegetable compound, that they are rapibly gaining their health.

Out of the Breastworks.

Tate Springs, Tenn., July 4, 1888.
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—Seven years ago I contracted an exceedingly bad case of blood poison. I tried a physician, the best at command, but secured no benefit. My throat began to get sore, and my body covered with sores and ulcers. Going from bad to worse, I felt that my grave must be reached in the near future. I gave up the doctors' treatment, and with a despairing hope I commenced taking your medicine. I began to improve from the first bottle, and in a short time the ulcers healed, and my skin cleared off and was entirely well.

One year ago a case of catarrh developed in my system. The physician did his best, but could not cure me; but two bottles of Swift's Specific gave me permanent relief.

J. H. Robinson.

Kaufman, Tex., June 23, 1888.
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen:—I have been afflicted with a skin [illegible] for about twelve years, and the best [illegible] treatment failed to give me relief. [illegible] using Swift's Specific, and [illegible] the greatest benefit from its use. Yours truly, Wm. Jones.

For sale by all druggists.
The Swift Specific Co.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
New York, 756, Broadway.
London, Eng., 35 Snow Hill.

Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.
Farquhar's Standard Engines and Saw Mills.
Send for Catalogue. Portable, Stationary, Traction and Automatic Engines a specialty. Warranted equal or superior to any made.
Address A. B. FARQUHAR & SON, York, Pa.
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The Best

Meat and Vegetable

MARKET!

—IN—

SMETHPORT

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c.

—ALSO,—

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

A FIRST-CLASS LINE OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

A Full Line of

CANNED GOODS

Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street. - - - Smethport, Pa.

FREE

Our Sewing-Machines. To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

Specht & Sasse,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls incident to their profession.

CANNS KIDNEY CURE.

For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Brights Disease, Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5. v18n6ly.

Itch, Mange, and Scratches of every kind on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong druggist, Smethport. 30 6m.

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A Series of Seven Illustrated Novelettes.

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SPLENDID STORIES!

Our next attraction in the Story Line will be a series of Seven Short Completed Stories—more properly, Novelettes—all illustrated, set in large, plain type, and Copyrighted.

These Stories will be:

THE BLACK BESS,
By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

MISS TINSEL,
By Henry Sedley.

MISS CLARE,
By Maria L. Pool.

ROYAL PURPLE.

Mrs. de Snigsby's Bal Pandre
By Alan Dale.

THE JOHNSTOWN STAGE,
By Robert Howe Fletcher.

AS NIGHT FOLLOWS DAY,
By Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh.

There are Illustrations which ILLUSTRATE, and again there are those that DON'T. The following are shown merely to indicate the character of the sketches appearing in these Novelettes.

From "BLACK BESS."

From "MISS TINSEL."

From "MISS CLARE."

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Merchant Tailor!

EAST MAIN STREET,

Smethport, Pa.

A fine lot of samples kept constantly on hand. Mr. McNulty's reputation as a superior cutter and artist is well established. Good suits for 24 and 25 dollars and job work promptly attended to. Give him a call.

Smethport, April 16, 1886.-tf

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GUIDE OF TRAVEL.

Western New York & Pa. R. R.

(FORMERLY B., N. Y. & P. R. R.)

Time Table in effect Nov. 1st, 1888.

BUFFALO DIVISION.

North			Eastern Time.	South		
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
7 00	1 15	9 26	Ar. Buffalo Lv.	8 20	3 30	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 [illegible]	East Aurora	9 05	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 [illegible]	Chaffee	9 34	4 42	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 11	Arcade	9 47	4 55	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	6 46	Franklinville	10 11	5 [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	6 15	Hinsdale	10 42	5 46	[illegible]
[illegible]	10 47	6 00	Olean	11 02	6 10	[illegible]
p.m.	a.m.			a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
2 15	7 12		Lv. Bradford Ar.	1 10	7 30	
7 30	1 30		Ar. Bradford Lv.	7 13	4 15	
p.m.	a.m.		Lv. Ar.	p.m.	p.m.	
[illegible]	10 [illegible]		Portville	11 20	6 20	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Eldred	11 41	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Larrabees	11 49	[illegible]	
[illegible]	9 40		Port Allegany	12 12	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Emporium	1 10	[illegible]	
p.m.	a.m.		Lv. Ar.	p.m.	p.m.	
a.m.			Lv. Ar.			
[illegible]			Harrisburg	[illegible]		
[illegible]			Philadelphia	[illegible]		
[illegible]			New York	[illegible]		
[illegible]			Baltimore	[illegible]		
[illegible]			Washington	[illegible]		
p.m.			Lv. Ar.			

Train arriving at Buffalo 6:35 a. m. and leaving Buffalo 5:20 p. m. run daily. Additional Sunday trains leave Buffalo at 9:30 a. m., arriving at Franklinville 12:00m., leave Franklinville 5:45 p. m., arriving at Buffalo at 7:30 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations.

Narrow Gauge Division. Trains leave Olean for Bradford 5.00, 11.05 a. m., 6.00 p. m.; arrive Olean 9.15 a. m., 3.55, 6.00 p. m. Leave Eldred for Bradford 6.26, 11.42 a. m., 3.30; arrive Eldred 9:45 a. m., 2.10, 6.55 p. m. Leave Bradford for Kinzua 7.00, 7.20 a. m. 4.10 p. m., arrive Bradford 12.15 p. m. 2.30, 8.10 p. m.

Pullman Sleeping Cars between Emporium and Philadelphia, connecting with trains leaving Buffalo at 2.30 p. m. arriving Buffalo 7.00 p. m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from Company's Agents.

Geo. S. Gatchell, Gen'l Sup't.
J. A. Fellows, Gen. Pass'r & Ticket Agt.,
No. 84, Exchange St. Buffalo, N. Y.

CLERMONT BRANCH.

Northw'd			Stations.	Southw'd	
P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.
5.10	9.35	Ar.	Larrabees Lv.	11.50	[illegible]
3.00	9.10		Frisbee	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.45	8.40		Farmers Valley	12.15	[illegible]
2.33	8.00		Smethport	12.25	[illegible]
2.13	7.20		Crosby	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.08	7.10		Colegrove	12.40	[illegible]
2.03	7.00		Hamlin	12.45	[illegible]
1.35	6.00	Lv.	Clermont Ar.	1.10	[illegible]
P.M.	A.M.			P.M.	P.M.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, June 20, 1887.

Ar. Eastw'd		Stations.	L'v Westw'd	
P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
8.27	1.25	Coudersport	8.00	5.40
8.24	1.15	Hammonds	8.04	[illegible]
8.24	1.14	Fish Basket	8.06	[illegible]
8.19	1.10	Olmsted	8.12	[illegible]
8.11	1.05	Nelsons	8.18	[illegible]
8.03	12.57	Knowlton	8.25	[illegible]
7.57	12.50	Roulette	8.28	[illegible]
7.52	12.45	Pomeroy Bridge	8.40	[illegible]
7.43	12.36	Burtville	8.50	[illegible]
7.32	12.24	Coleman	9.00	[illegible]
7.27	12.18	Port Allegany	9.05	6.45

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McClure, Sup't.

THE ERIE NARROW GAUGE SYSTEM

BRADFORD BORDELL & KINZUA RAILROAD, and BRADFORD, ELDRED & CUBA RAILROAD. Takes effect January 20, 1889.

Westward.				Stations	Eastward.			
	p.m.	a.m.			a.m.	p.m.		
	5 15	11 00		ar. Bradford. lv.	7 20	[illegible]		
	4 40	11 15		Kenzua Jc.	8 [illegible]	2 [illegible]		
	[illegible]	[illegible]		Rew City	8 [illegible]	3 12		
	[illegible]	[illegible]		Rixford	8 31	3 [illegible]		
a.m.	[illegible]	[illegible]		Duke Centre	8 [illegible]	[illegible]	a.m.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		Eldred	8 [illegible]	3 50	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		Bullis Mills	9 10	4 [illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		Ceres	9 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		Little Genesee	9 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		Lv. Bolivar. Ar	9 50	4 45	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		Allentown	10 15	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		lv Wellsville ar	10 [illegible]	5 45	[illegible]	
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.			a.m.	p.m.		
	22	3		N. Y., L. E. & W.	8	22		
	10 45	2 37		Hornellsville	12 12	8 35		
				Addison				
				Corning				
	8 46	11 50		Elmira	1 30	10 10		
				Waverly				
				Owego				
	[illegible]	[illegible]		Binghamton	[illegible]	[illegible]		
	[illegible]	5 00		lv. New York. ar	10 [illegible]	7 [illegible]		
	p.m.	p.m.			p.m.	a.m.		
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.			a.m.	a.m.		p.m.
7 40		10 [illegible]		ar. Bradford. lv	8 20			[illegible]
7 05		10 00		Kinzua Junct'n	9 [illegible]			6 11
6 50	10 02	9 44		Aiken	9 [illegible]			[illegible]
6 53		9 [illegible]		Davis	9 12	9 [illegible]		[illegible]
6 47	9 40	9 42		Simpson	9 18			[illegible]
6 45		9 [illegible]		Ormsby	9 20			6 23
6 08	9 05	8 55		Smethport	10 [illegible]	10 15		7 10
6 00		8 55		Mt. Jewett	10 [illegible]			7 [illegible]
5 15		8 10		Kane	10 [illegible]			7 [illegible]
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.			a.m.	a.m.		p.m.

JNO. C. McKENNA, Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 18, 1888.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:30, a. m.—Day Express, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 p. m., New York 9:35 p. m., Baltimore 6:45 p. m., Washington, 8:00 p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport to Philadelphia.

9:15 p. m.—Erie Mail daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Phila., New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 a. m., New York 11:20 a. m., Baltimore 6:15 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington and through passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

10:30 a. m.—Erie Mail daily for Erie and all intermediate stations with through Pullman Palace car and through passenger coaches to Erie.

6:20 p. m.—Niagara Express, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations with through passenger coaches to Kane.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia 7:40 a. m. Baltimore 7:30 a. m., daily except Sunday arriving at Emporium Junction 6:20 p. m. with through Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:25 p. m., Washington 10:00 p. m., Baltimore 11:20 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium June. 10:30 a. m., with through Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

Chas. E. Pugh, General Manager. J. R. Wood, Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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